

WALWORTH

H Y M N S.

By J. ^KSWAIN,

PASTOR of the BAPTIST CHURCH
meeting there.

*Sing praises unto our God, for it is pleasant; and praise is
comely. Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King*

*They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great good-
ness, and shall sing of thy righteousness*

*All thy works shall praise thee, O Jehovah, and thy saints
shall bless thee. Psalms.*

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WALWORTH

H Y M N S.

HYMN I.

Comfort under Affliction.

NEW JERUSALEM TUNE.

HOW light (while supported by grace)
Are all the afflictions I see,
To those the dear Lord of my peace,
My Jesus, has suffer'd for me!
To him ev'ry comfort I owe,
Above what the fiends have in hell;
And shall I not sing as I go,
That Jesus does every thing well?

That Jesus, who stoop'd from his throne
To pluck such a brand from the fire;
A wretch that had nought of his own,
Not even a holy desire!
My only inheritance sin,
A slave to rebellion and lust;
Polluted without and within,
A child of corruption and dust.

Such was I when Jesus look'd down,
 When none but himself could relieve:
 What could I expect but a frown?
 Yet he graciously smil'd, and said, ' Live!'
 And shall I impatiently fret
 And murmur beneath his kind rod?
 His love and his mercy forget,
 And fly in the face of my God?

Oh no; in the strength he has giv'n,
 And pledg'd his own word to bestow,
 I'll fight through my passage to heav'n,
 And sing of his love as I go!
 He'll purge away nought but my dross:
 Then let him afflict; I'll adore,
 And cheerfully bear up, the cross
 Which Jesus has carry'd before!

HYMN II.

NORTHAMPTON TUNE.

ON the wings of faith uprising,
 Jesus crucify'd I see;
 While his love, my soul surprising,
 Cries, I suffer'd all for thee!

Then, beneath the cross adoring,
Sin does like itself appear ;
When, the wounds of Christ exploring,
I can read my pardon there.

Here I'd feast my eyes for ever :
While this balm of life I prove,
Every wound appears a river
Flowing with eternal love!

As the sea, in restitution,
Renders filthy waters clear ;
Wash'd in this from deep pollution,
Sinners white as angels are.

Here, the shades of guilt controlling,
Morning dawns from blackest night ;
Jesu's eyes, in darkness rolling,
Beam forth everlasting light !

Sorrow proves the spring of pleasure,
War becomes the seed of peace,
Poverty the source of treasure,
Anguish teems with boundless bliss !

Who can think without admiring ?
Who can hear and nothing feel ?
See the Lord of life expiring,
Yet retain a heart of steel ?

Angels here may gaze and wonder
 What the God of love could mean,
 When he tore the heart afunder
 Never once defil'd with sin!

H Y M N III. L. M.

A sudden Thought in a sweet Frame of Mind.

MARTIN'S-LANE TUNE.

My soul, whene'er thou shalt arrive
 On those bright hills where angels live,
 What object first will draw thine eyes?
 And where wilt thou begin thy joys?

Methinks when I (releas'd from sin)
 My everlasting work begin,
 When on my new-fledg'd wings I rise,
 And tread the shores beyond the skies;

I'll run through ev'ry golden street,
 And ask each happy soul I meet,
 'Where is the Lord whose praise you sing?—
 'Direct a stranger to the King.'

I'll search the blissful mansions round,
 Nor rest till I my Lord have found,
 Till on his wounded side I gaze,
 And see my Saviour face to face.

There will I fix my wond'ring eyes ;
There I'll begin eternal joys ;
And look and love away my soul,
While everlasting ages roll !

HYMN IV. C. M.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. —
Rev. xiv. 13.

CAROLINA TUNE.

WHAT is it for a saint to die,
That we the thought should fear ?
'Tis but to pass the heav'nly sky,
And leave pollution here.

True, Jordan's stream is wondrous deep,
And Canaan's walls are high ;
But he, that guards us while we sleep,
Can guide us when we die.

A parting world, a gaping tomb,
Corruption and disease,
Are thorny paths to heav'n our home,
And doors to endless bliss !

Eternal glory just before,
And Jesus waiting there,

A heav'nly gale to waft us o'er—
What have the saints to fear?

HYMN V. C.M.

The same.

WHY should we shrink at Jordan's flood,
Or dread the unknown way?
See, yonder rolls a stream of blood
That bears the curse away!

Death lost his sting when Jesus bled;
When Jesus left the ground,
Disarm'd, the king of terrors fled,
And felt a mortal wound!

And now his office is to wait
Between the saints and sin,
A porter, near the heav'nly gate,
To let the pilgrims in.

And, though his pale and ghastly face
May seem to frown the while,
We soon shall see the King of grace,
And he'll for ever smile!

HYMN VI. C. M.

The Flower.

SWINFORD TUNE.

LOVE is the sweetest bud that blows,
Its beauty never dies ;
On earth among the saints it grows,
And ripens in the skies.

Pure, glowing, red, and spotless white,
Its perfect colours are ;
In Jesus all its sweets unite,
And look divinely fair.

The finest flow'r that ever blow'd
Open'd on Calv'ry's tree,
When Jesu's blood in rivers flow'd
For love of worthless me !

Its deepest hue, its richest smell,
No mortal sense can bear ;
Nor can the tongue of angels tell
How bright the colours are.

Earth could not hold so rich a flow'r,
Nor half its beauties shew ;
Nor could the world and Satan's pow'r
Confine its sweets below.

On Canaan's banks, supremely fair,
 This flow'r of wonders blooms ;
 Transplanted to its native air,
 And all the shores perfumes.

But, not to Canaan's shores confin'd,
 The seeds which from it blow
 Take root within the human mind,
 And scent the church below.

And soon on yonder banks above
 Shall every blossom here
 Appear a full ripe flow'r of love,
 Like him, transplanted there.

HYMN VII. C.M.

The same.

Oh what a garden will be seen
 When all the flow'rs of grace
 Appear in everlasting green
 Before the Planter's face!

No more expos'd to burning skies,
 Or winter's piercing cold ;
 What never-dying sweets will rise
 From every op'ning fold!

No want of sun or show'rs above
To make the flow'rs decline;
Fountains of life and beams of love
For ever spring and shine.

No more they need the quick'ning air,
Or gently rising dew;
Unspeakable their beauties are,
And yet for ever new.

Christ is their shade, and Christ their sun;
Among them walks the KING;
Whose presence is ETERNAL NOON,
His smiles ETERNAL SPRING.

HYMN VIII.

On Psalm Twenty-fourth.

TRUMPET TUNE.

LIFT up your heads, ye gates,
Your golden hinges move;
The King of glory waits—
Admit the God of love!
Your everlasting arches raise,
And, as he enters, shout his praise.

Who is this glorious King,
Who at the portal stands ?

What title does he bring,
 That he access demands?
 Jehovah's name, in battle strong,
 Demands access, inspires the song.

Lift up your heads, ye gates;
 Ye heav'ns, expand your doors;
 The King of glory waits
 To spread your golden floors
 With spoils thro' death and darkness born
 With trophies from destruction torn.

Who is this glorious King?
 The Lord that built the skies:
 His praise the seraphs sing,
 The holy, just, and wise:
 Creation rose at his command,
 Redemption owns his sov'reign hand.

The pow'rs of hell oppos'd,
 While he in conflict bled;
 And death's strong bars were clos'd
 Round his expiring head:
 But death and hell possess no pow'r
 To hold him past th' appointed hour.

The hour appointed came,
 The God put off the clay;

And, like a rapid flame,
 Burst through them all his way :
 A way so wide, so unconfin'd,
 That all his church might march behind.
 Lift your immortal heads,
 Your Lord's from conquest come ;
 On death and sin he treads ;
 Let heav'n prepare him room :
 A sheaf of glory's harvest-ears *
 The Victor in his chariot bears !

H Y M N IX. L. M.

Christ the Way to God.

LUTON TUNE.

Jesus, how heav'nly is the place
 Where thy dear people wait for thee !
 Where the rich fountain of thy grace
 Stands ever open, full and free.
 Hungry, and poor, and lame, and blind,
 Hither thy blood-bought children fly ;
 In thy deep wounds a balsam find,
 And live, while they behold thee die.

* Alluding to the Saints which came out of their graves
 at his resurrection.

Hear they forget their doubts and fears,
 While thy sharp sorrows meet their eyes;
 And bless the hand that dries their tears,
 And with his own their grief supplies.

Oh, the vast myst'ries of thy love!
 How high, how deep, how wide, it rolls!
 Its fountain springs in heav'n above,
 Its streams revive our drooping souls !

HYMN X. L. M.

Christ our Substitute.

GREAT was the price to justice due
 When Jesus would redeem his bride;
 Nothing but precious blood would do,
 And that must flow from his own side.

Yet from the heights of bliss he fled
 On wings of everlasting love,
 And groan'd, and sigh'd, and wept, and bled
 The mountains of our guilt to move.

How glorious was the work he wrought
 While dwelling in this earthly globe,
 When each good deed and each pure thought
 Conspir'd to weave our spotless robe!

ress'd in this robe, wash'd in this blood,
 And ransom'd from the pow'r of hell,
 We now have free access to God,
 And justice likes the payment well.

Thus Jesus wrought our righteousness,
 Our guilt sustain'd, our sorrows bore;
 Secur'd our everlasting peace,
 And triumph'd o'er the serpent's pow'r.

And now in heav'n he lives to plead
 Before his holy Father's throne
 That he has suffer'd in our stead;
 And sends us gifts and graces down.

And soon will this dear Saviour come,
 In majesty and glory drest,
 And take his ransom'd children home
 To seats of everlasting rest.

HYMN XI. C. M.

The Complaint under Darknefs.

CAROLINA TUNE.

Rejoice in God, the word commands,
 And fain would I obey;
 Yet still my spirit ling'ring stands,
 While doubts impede my way.

How can my soul exult for joy
Which feels this load of sin?
How can sweet praise my tongue employ
While darkness reigns within?

Whence should my lips give rapture birth,
When I no rapture feel?
Or how should notes of heav'nly mirth
Sound from an heart of steel?

If falling tears and rising sighs
In triumph share a part;
Then, Lord, behold these streaming eyes,
And search this bleeding heart.

My soul forgets to use her wings;
My harp neglected lies;
For sin has broken all its strings,
And guilt shuts out my joys.

In vain I search the creatures round;
Their ev'ry answer this—
' No pleasure can in us be found
' If God is not your bliss.'

HYMN XII. C.M.

The Answer.

SWINFORD TUNE.

HARK! from the cross, a gracious voice

Salutes my ravish'd ears—

‘ Rejoice, thou ransom'd soul, rejoice,

‘ And dry those falling tears !’

Amaz'd, I turn, grown strangely bold,

This wondrous thing to see ;

And there my dying Lord behold,

Stretch'd on the bloody tree !

‘ Sinner,’ he cries, ‘ behold the head

‘ This thorny wreath entwines ;

‘ Look on these wounded hands, and read

‘ Thy name in crimson lines :

‘ These wounds I bear, these pains I feel,

‘ This anguish rends my breast,

‘ That I may save thy soul from hell,

‘ And give thee endless rest.’

The pow'r, the sweetness, of that voice

My stony heart can move,

Make me in Christ my Lord rejoice’

And melt my soul to love.

No more my harp neglected lies
 With silent, broken strings;
 From earth my soul has learn'd to rise,
 And mounts on eagles' wings.

My dying Saviour's wondrous love
 On earth employs my tongue;
 And when I walk in white above
 That love shall be my song.

H Y M N XIII.

Praise for Salvation.

MADAN'S TUNE.

FATHER, our hearts would now aspire,
 On wings of faith and strong desire,
 To thy celestial courts above,
 Where all is glory, peace, and love.

We praise thee for the boundless grace
 Extended to our fallen race,
 When we, in our first parents, fell
 From Eden to the gates of hell.

We praise the Son, who freely came
 From heav'n to bear our sin and shame;
 Who fought, who conquer'd, all our foes,
 And bore the weight of all our woes.

We blefs the Spirit's facred name,
Who kindled that internal flame
Of holy faith, and holy love,
Which draws, and keeps our hearts above.

HYMN XIV. L. M.

Praise for a complete Saviour.

WREATH'S TUNE.

We long for that fair morning's light,
When we, in robes of spotless white,
Shall join the bright redeemed throng
To sing that new and endless song—
Cho. To him that lives, but once was slain,
Be honour, pow'r, and praise. Amen.

To him that lov'd us when we lay
Conceal'd in uncreated clay;
To him that lov'd us, though we fell,
And sav'd us from the pains of hell—
To him that found us dead in sin,
And planted holy life within;
To him that taught our feet the way
From endless night to endless day—
To him that wrought our righteousness,
And sanctify'd us by his grace;
To him that brought us back to God,
Through the red sea of his own blood—

To him that sits upon the throne,
 The great, eternal Three in One—
 To him let saints and angels raise
 An everlasting song of praise!

HYMN XV. L.M.
A Prospect of the Last Day.

MADAN'S TUNE.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives:
 And that bright morning will appear
 When every soul that now believes
 Shall rise and meet him in the air.

Soon shall the op'ning clouds disclose
 The terrors of the Judge's frown
 To all his now presumptuous foes,
 And thunder swift destruction down.

The awful trumpet's solemn sound
 Shall soon his near approach declare,
 And all that sleep beneath the ground
 His life-restoring voice shall hear.

What wondrous grandeur, pow'r and love,
 Will our Redeemer then display,
 While earth beneath, and heav'n above
 At once his potent call obey!

But the same voice that rends the skies,
And hurls the wicked down to hell,
Shall bid the happy saints arise,
And with their Lord in glory dwell.

Triumphant over sin and death,
These bodies into life shall spring;
And tune their first celestial breath
A bleeding Saviour's love to sing.

HYMN XVI. L. M.

Joyful Expectation of Heaven.

MARTIN'S-LANE TUNE.

AND am I blest with Jesu's love?
And shall I dwell with him above?
And will the joyful period come
When I shall call the heav'ns my home?

Think, O my soul, what must it be
A world of glorious minds to see,
Drink at the fountain head of peace,
And bathe in everlasting blifs!

To hear them all at once proclaim
Eternal glories to the Lamb;
And join, with joyful heart and tongue,
That new, that never-ending song!

And does the happy hour draw near,
 When Christ will in the clouds appear;
 And I without a vail shall see
 The MAN, the GOD that bled for me!

If in my soul such joy abounds
 While weeping faith explores his wounds,
 How glorious will those scars appear
 When perfect bliss forbids a tear!

Think, O my soul, if 'tis so sweet
 On earth to sit at Jesu's feet,
 What must it be to wear a crown,
 And sit with Jesus on his throne!

HYMN XVII.

The Coming of Christ to Judgment.

HELMSLEY TUNE.

Lo, he comes, array'd in vengeance,
 Riding down the heav'nly road;
 Floods of fury roll before him.—
 Who can meet an angry God?
 Tremble sinners,
 Who can stand before his rod!

Lo he comes, in glory shining;
 Saints, arise and meet your King!

• Glorious Captain of salvation,
• Welcome! welcome!' hear them sing!
Shouts of triumph,
Make the heav'ns with echoes ring.

(Now, despisers, look and wonder!
Hear the dreadful sound 'Depart,'
Rattling, like a peal of thunder,
Through each guilty rebel's heart!
Loft for ever,
Hope and finners here must part!

Still they hear the awful sentence;
Hell resounds the dreadful roar,
While their heart-strings twinge with anguish,
Trembling on the burning shore!
Justice seals it—
Down they sink, to rise no more!

How they shrink, with horror viewing
Hell's deep caverns op'ning wide!
Guilty thoughts, like ghosts pursuing,
Plunge them down the rolling tide!
Now consider,
Ye who scorn the Lamb that dy'd!)

Hark! ten thousand harps resounding!
Form'd in bright and grand array,

See the glorious armies rising,
While their Captain leads the way!
Heav'n before them
Opens an eternal day!

H Y M N XVIII. C. M.
Communion with Saints above.
CAMBRIDGE NEW TUNE.

'Tis good to wait upon the Lord
When Christ himself draws near,
And ev'ry heart with one accord
Ascends in solemn prayer.

While thus we feel the Saviour's love
In heav'nly show'rs descend,
Our souls commune with saints above
In bliss that knows no end.

We taste the precious streams of grace—
The fountain makes them sing:
We travel through the wilderness—
They sit before the King.

We pray for grace to hold out well
The conflict but begun;
They of their past engagements tell,
And sing the conquests won.

We fight the battles of the Lord,
 And are sometimes cast down ;
 They wield no more the warrior's sword,
 But wear the conqueror's crown.

HYMN XIX. C. M.

The same.

THE saints above, in spotless white,
 For ever sing and shine ;
 Our clothing oft abhors the light,
 And we in darkness pine.

Yet we all eat one living bread,
 And share one noble birth ;
 Though they in heav'n are richly fed,
 And we supply'd on earth.

They all were once as vile as we,
 And wore the chains of sin ;
 Like us they struggled to be free,
 And mourn'd the plague within.

And soon shall we, as bright as they,
 In robes of honour shine,
 And spend with them an endless day,
 In pleasures all divine.

Then shall we all begin at home
 One everlasting song:
 Till then, dear Lord, thy kingdom come!
 Nor let the time be long.

HYMN XX. L. M.
A Prospect of the Resurrection.
 CHARD TUNE.

WHAT joys will crown that happy hour,
 When in the air the Lord we meet,
 And triumph o'er infernal pow'r,
 With Satan bruised beneath our feet!

When waking millions burst their way,
 Invested with immortal white,
 And freed from chains of mould'ring clay,
 Thro' death's strong bars to op'ning light!

When happy myriads with their Lord
 Descend betwixt the op'ning skies,
 And fly, at his almighty word,
 To meet their bodies as they rise.

Then we, who feel guilt's barbed sting,
 And sin's pernicious influence prove,
 Shall, with those rising armies, sing
 The wonders of redeeming love!

Then shall the broken wheels of time
 To vast eternity give way;
 While we ascend the heav'nly clime,
 To spend an everlasting day.

No sin shall in our hearts abide;
 No pining wish, no anxious care,
 No secret lust, no swelling pride,
 No thought but love, shall harbour there.

In that bright world no cloud shall rise
 To wrap the heav'nly scenes in night;
 No darkness veil th' eternal skies,
 Or shade their everlasting light.

H Y M N XXI. Sevens.

Christian Encouragement.

BATH ABBEY TUNE.

TEMPTED souls, arise and sing;
 Conquests soon your heads shall crown,
 Jesus, our victorious King,
 Soon shall tread the tempter down.

Soon before your joyful eyes
 Satan shall in chains appear,
 Sentenc'd (never more to rise)
 To the realms of dark despair.

Weeping fairs, a little while
 Banish'd from the light of day,
 Soon before your Saviour's smile
 Every shade will fly away.

Clouds may through the night endure,
 But the morning soon will come,
 When, from future clouds secure,
 Zion's sun shall light you home.

Happy souls, who read your names
 In your Saviour's bleeding wounds,
 While your love ascends in flames,
 While your faith and hope abounds,
 Shout his praises more and more;
 Tell the world a Saviour's love,
 Till that Saviour you adore
 In the happy world above!

HYMN XXII.

Praise for Redeeming Love.

MURLIN'S TUNE.

HOSANNAH to the God of love,
 Who condescended from above
 To bring salvation down!

He blefs his name, who stoop'd so low
To save us from eternal woe,
And raise us to a crown.

Then we, in our first parents, fell
From Eden to the gates of hell,
And lay like captives there,
Then Jesus cast a pitying eye
On wretches doom'd for sin to lie
For ever in despair.

His bowels, where compassion rolls,
Then yearning o'er our guilty souls,
Did first for sinners move.
His op'ning heart display'd our names,
And issu'd forth in quenchless flames
Of everlasting love.

His majesty he 'aid aside,
Obedient liv'd, submissive dy'd,
Our ruin'd souls to save.
The pow'rs of hell he trampled down,
But sunk, beneath his Father's frown,
From Calv'ry to the grave.

H Y M N XXIII.

The same.

How vast the sufferings who can tell,
When Jesus fought sin, death, and hell,
And was in battle slain?
How great the triumph who can sing,
When from the grave th' immortal King
Triumphant rose again?

Yet we'll attempt his name to bless
While we pass through the wilderness
To Canaan's happy shore.
But when we reach the plains above,
And every breath we draw is love,
We'll sing his glories more.

H Y M N XXIV. L. M.

A Responsive Hymn.

M E N .

L I F T up your hearts in solemn lays,
Ye daughters of the heav'nly King.

W O M E N .

Our hearts we lift, our songs we raise;
And Jesus is the theme we sing!

MEN.

Jefus! the glorious name revives
Our drooping hearts when troubles rife.

WOMEN.

In him the ftrength of Zion lives;
By him the pow'r of Satan dies.

MEN.

'Twas he who hung upon the tree
With pierced hands and wounded fide.

WOMEN.

Believing foul, he bled for thee;
For thee the King of glory dy'd!

MEN.

For us he dy'd, for us he rofe;
To us, in him, are all things giv'n:

WOMEN.

His own right arm fubdu'd our foes;
And now he reigns for us in heav'n.

BOTH.

His bofom is the fountain head,
Which flows with everlafting love.
Join every tongue his praife to fpread,
Whofe praife employs the hofts above.

HYMN XXV. C.M.

The Grace of Christian Love.

SWINFORD TUNE.

How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word.

When each can feel his brother sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And shew a brother's love.

When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom glow with love.

HYMN XXVI. L. M.

Christ the only Refuge for lost Sinners.

SINNERS, away from Sinai fly!
 To Calv'ry's bloody scene repair;
 Behold the Prince of glory die,
 And read your peace and pardon there!

Search into every open wound;
 Trace the sharp scourge, the nails, the spear;
 And full salvation will be found
 In golden letters written there.

No works of man, to raise the sum
 Or pay the ransom, must be brought;
 Helpless and poor to Jesus come,
 Nor strive to bring a perfect thought.

Your faith, your hope, and righteousness,
 Are treasur'd up in him alone;
 Your rich supplies of grace and peace
 Spring from the works your Lord has done.

Hell opens her ten thousand graves
 To swallow those that die in sin;
 But all the great Emmanuel saves
 Heav'n's open gates shall welcome in.

There shall the blood-wash'd armies go
 That trust the great Redeemer here;
 The plant that buds with grace below
 Shall ripen into glory there!

HYMN XXVII.

A Soul melted with Redeeming Love.

WHEN on my beloved I gaze,
 So dazzling his beauties appear,
 His charms so transcendantly blaze,
 The sight is too melting to bear!

When from my own vileness I turn
 To Jesus, expos'd on the tree,
 With shame and with wonder I burn,
 To think what he suffer'd for me.

My sins, oh how black they appear,
 When in that dear bosom they meet!
 Those sins were the nails and the spear
 That wounded his hands and his feet.

'Twas justice that wreath'd for his head
 The thorns that encircled it round.
 Thy temples, Emmanuel, bled,
 That mine might with glory be crown'd!

The wonderful love of his heart,
Where he has recorded my name,
On earth can be known but in part,
Heav'n only can bear the full flame.

In rivers of sorrow it flow'd,
And flow'd in those rivers for me;
My sins are all drown'd in his blood;
My soul is both happy and free.

H Y M N XXVIII.

The same.

LAMBETH TUNE.

How willing was Jesus to die,
That we, fellow sinners, might live!
The life they could not take away
How ready was Jesus to give!

They pierced his hands and his feet;
His hands and his feet he resign'd;
The pangs of his body were great,
But greater the pangs of his mind.

That wrath would have kindled a hell
Of never-abating despair
In millions of creatures, which fell
On Jesus, and spent itself there.

Divinity burst in a blaze
 Of vengeance on Jesus our head ;
 Divinity's indwelling rays
 Sustain'd him till nature was dead.

Divinity back to his frame
 The life he had yielded restor'd,
 And Jesus, entomb'd, was the same
 With Jesus in glory ador'd.

No nearer we venture than this,
 To gaze on a deep so profound ;
 But tread, while we taste of the blifs,
 With rev'rence the hallowed ground.

HYMN XXIX. C.M.

The Christian's Company and Employment.

GREAT MILTON TUNE.

JESUS, away from earth I fly,
 And with thy church unite ;
 Thy saints shall be my company,
 Thy presence my delight.

Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,
 Through all the heav'nly road ;
 Thy truth and grace shall be my song
 Till I get home to God.

The wonders of thy bleeding love
For one so vile as I
Shall often draw my heart above,
And fix my thoughts on high.

Yes, in thy name I will rejoice,
And triumph in thy word;
In echo to my heart, my voice
Shall magnify the Lord.

And may I never cease to tell
The wonders of his love,
Till heav'nly notes my bosom swell
In yonder courts above:

Till I, without a jarring sound,
Thy free salvation sing,
And make those crystal walls resound
The glories of my King.

HYMN XXX.

The Conversion of a Sinner.

NORTHAMPTON TUNE.

ON the brink of fiery ruin
Justice, with a flaming sword,
Was my guilty soul pursuing,
When I first beheld my Lord.

Terrify'd with Sinai's thunder,
 Straight I flew to Calvary;
 Where I saw with love and wonder
 Him, by faith, who dy'd for me.

'Sinner,' he exclaim'd, ' I've lov'd thee
 ' With an everlasting love ;
 ' Justice has in me approv'd thee,
 ' Thou shalt dwell with me above.'

Sweet as angels' notes in heaven,
 When to golden harps they sound,
 Is the voice of sins forgiven
 To the soul by Satan bound :

Sweet as angels' harps in glory
 Was that heav'nly voice to me,
 When I saw my Lord, before me,
 Bleed and die to set me free !

Saints, attend with holy wonder !
 Sinners, hear and sing his praise !
 'Tis the God that holds the thunder
 Shews himself the God of grace !

HYMN XXXI. C.M.

An Encouraging Prospect for Believers.

GREAT MILTON TUNE.

EXALT, ye saints, the Lord your King,
While time incessant moves :
Christians of grace should always sing,
For Jesus always loves.

Swift as the winged moments roll
Our feet to Canaan move ;
And soon shall each enraptur'd soul
Be swallow'd up in love.

Soon shall the heav'nly gates unfold
To us their pearly leaves,
And we shall with these eyes behold
What now our faith believes.

There shall our disembodiy'd souls
With all they seek be blest'd ;
And bathe, till time no longer rolls,
In undisturbed rest :

Then with our glorious Lord descend
Betwixt the op'ning skies,
And hear his voice the mountains rend,
And see the dead arise.

And (while in flames the wicked burn)
 With bodies heav'nly fair,
 Home with our Jesus we'll return,
 And sing his praises there.

HYMN XXXII. C. M.

The Soul resisting Temptation.

BANGOR TUNE.

LORD, at thy feet in dust I lie,
 Nor will from thence remove ;
 For none can perish, none can die,
 Depending on thy love.

I plead no merits of my own,
 I've trampled on thy laws ;
 Thy justice, Lord, might strike me dead,
 But Jesus pleads my cause.

On him I cast my helpless soul,
 Nor Satan's malice fear ;
 Tho' hell's black waves against me roll,
 I'll seek my refuge there.

I'll look into his wounded side,
 Whence all my comforts flow ;
 Nor shall my soul be satisfy'd
 Till I my int'rest know.

I'll plead and pray, and never cease
While Jesus lives in heav'n,
Till he shall bid me go in peace,
And shew my sins forgiv'n.

Then, in the face of hell and death,
In weakness more than strong,
Salvation shall employ my breath,
And grace be all my song.

Yea, though ten thousand foes I meet,
Onward I still will go ;
His love shall make my trials sweet,
His grace shall bring me through :

Till I arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the saints above,
Never to sin or sorrow more,
But sing, and praise, and love.

HYMN XXXIII. C. M.

Holy Confidence.

OTFORD TUNE.

WHEN firm I stand on Zion's hill,
And view my starry crown,
No pow'r on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can pluck me down.

The lofty hills and stately tow'rs,
That lift their heads so high,
Shall all be levell'd in the dust;
Their very names shall die.

The vaulted heav'ns shall melt away,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heav'ns the rock
Of my salvation stands.

HYMN XXXIV. S. M.

The Coming of Christ anticipated.

SILVER-STREET TUNE.

COME, lift your joyous eyes
To yonder heav'nly place,
Where, freed from sin, your souls shall rise,
And sing redeeming grace.

Though death and hell may frown,
And charge the saints with guilt ;
Yet death and hell shall ne'er pull down
The church which Christ has built.

To Sion's blissful shore,
As on our way we go,
While hallelujahs sound before,
'Tis heav'n begun below.

Then cast your willows down ;
Lift up your hearts and sing,
Till Christ your heads with glory crown,
And make each saint a king.

H Y M N XXXV. S. M.

The same.

RUTLAND TUNE.

IN expectation sweet
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.

He comes! he comes! behold
His presence melts the sky!
Celestial armies, clad in gold,
Around his chariot fly.

He comes! the conqu'ror comes!
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful pris'ners burst the tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord!

The trumpet sounds, 'Awake!—
'Ye dead, to judgment come!'
The pillars of creation shake
While hell receives her doom.

Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace;
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade, their perfect bliss.

H Y M N XXXVI.

New Covenant Joy.

WALWORTH TUNE.

REJOICE, ye saints of God,
Whose undiverted feet
Still travel Zion's road
Your gracious Lord to meet;
Whose bosoms glow with holy love,
Whose hearts and hopes are fix'd above.

We are not come to gaze
On Sinai's mount with awe,

Or meet the angry blaze
Of God's indignant law,
While round us flames of wrath divine
In all their dreadful glories shine:

We are not come to hear
The thunder of that word
That fills the soul with fear,
And leaves the heart still hard;
That sends the trembling wretch away
Without a glimpse of heav'nly day.

But we are come to hear
The sound of gospel peace,
That scatters slavish fear,
And kindles hopes of bliss;
That shews our wand'ring feet the way
From darkness to eternal day:

But we are come to meet
The smiles of love divine,
From off the mercy's seat,
Where milder glories shine;
Where God the Father waits to hear
The vilest sinner's humble pray'r:

Where Jesus, our high-priest,
A mediator stands,

And wears the sacred vest;
 And fills his holy hands
 With his vicarious sacrifice,
 Through which our pray'rs accepted rise.

Thence he the Spirit sends
 Like a celestial dove,
 To crown his earthly friends
 With honours from above;
 To teach the sinners how to pray,
 And guide the saints in Zion's way.

Yes, we are come to join
 The bright assembled throng
 That, wash'd in blood divine,
 Exalt th' angelic song;
 That glory in the Saviour's name,
 And sing the sin-atoning Lamb.

H Y M N XXXVII.
The Foretaste of Heaven.

WALWORTH TUNE.

ON earth the song begins,
 In heav'n more sweet and loud,
 To him that drowns our sins
 In his atoning blood;
 To him they cry, in rapt'rous strain,
 ' Be honour, praise, and pow'r. Amen!'

Ye saints, on earth, repeat
 What heav'n with rapture owns;
 And while before his feet
 The elders cast their crowns,
 Go, imitate the choirs above,
 And tell the world your Saviour's love.

Sing as ye pass along,
 With joy and wonder sing,
 Till sinners learn the song,
 And own your Lord their King;
 Till converts join you as ye go,
 And make a growing heav'n below.

Inform the list'ning world
 How Jesus, when he fell,
 The pow'rs of darkness hurl'd
 Down to the deeps of hell;
 And, rising, bore the rescu'd prize,
 His church, in triumph through the skies.

Alone he took the field,
 Alone the battle fought;
 With his own sword and shield
 The mighty work he wrought.
 The mighty work was all his own,
 And let him ever wear the crown.

From heav'n, on wings of love,
 The kind Deliv'rer came,
 And left the joys above
 To bear our sin and shame.
 No hand but thine such work could do !
 No heart but thine such love could shew !

How bright thy glories shine,
 Redeemer of our race ;
 Thy honours are divine,
 Divine thy sov'reign grace !
 The grace that tunes our mortal tongues
 To sound the notes which heav'n prolongs !

Our feeble minds are lost
 Beneath the lofty strain ;
 But, Jordan's billows cross'd,
 We'll catch the sound again ;
 In praise assist th' angelic choir,
 Nor ever stop, nor ever tire.

H Y M N XXXVIII. L. M.

The Courage of Faith.

My soul, unfetter'd by the skies,
 Or aught the fruitful earth conceals,
 On faith's broad wings to heav'n would rise,
 The heav'n where my Redeemer dwells.

There, while the Godhead he displays
 Through human beauty, void of fear,
 I'd give my bosom to the blaze
 Of all the beams which center there!

Yes, I would call my Jesus mine,
 While seraphs 'Holy, holy,' cry;
 And meet the smile of love divine,
 Though cloth'd in peerless majesty.

H Y M N XXXIX.

The Gift of Divine Peace.

THE peace which through the storm
 Of time unshaken lives,
 To us unworthy worms
 The King of Sion gives;
 His princely hand the gift bestows
 Not as the world—but on his foes!

By purchase and by pow'r
 He bought and took the prize
 In one tremendous hour,
 And bore it through the skies;
 And now he sends it freely down
 On all who ask the precious boon.

He makes his foes his friends,
 He conquers them by love ;
 And, with their pardon, sends
 His Spirit from above ;
 Their peace and pardon seal'd with blood,
 They run with joy the heav'nly road.

HYMN XL. L. M.

Heaven will make Amends for all.

WHILE pilgrims on this earthly ball,
 Our sweetest joys are ting'd with gall ;
 The distant things, which promise rest;
 Prove less than nothing when possess'd.

Pleasure, while we pursue it, flies,
 And fancy'd bliss deludes our eyes;
 While grace bedews with many a tear
 The ground which sin has sown with care.

But in the glorious worlds on high
 No sorrows spring, no comforts die ;
 Immortal pleasures feast the soul,
 And joys in endless rivers roll.

No more the cheek turn'd pale with fear,
 The rising sigh, the falling tear ;

The plaintive soul immers'd no more
In seas of grief without a shore.

Guilt's barbed sting, with piercing smart,
No more shall wound the trembling heart;
Wash'd from our sins in Jesu's blood,
We shall enjoy the peace of God.

H Y M N XLI. Sevens.
The Fruit of Pardoning Grace.

FEVERSHAM TUNE.

L O R D, my very heart would bleed,
While for pard'ning love I plead;
When I think what various ways
I've abus'd thy wondrous grace:

Still I fly to Jesu's veins;
There I wash my guilty stains;
There, from my polluted soul,
All my sins like mountains roll.

Low beneath thy feet I lie;
Let me live, or bid me die;
But, if thou my days prolong,
Shew thyself, in weakness strong.

O may ev'ry hour to come
Bring me near my heav'nly home;

Near in life, and near in heart,
Till my soul and sin shall part!

May I, all along the road,
Follow my Redeemer, God;
Ever rising let me be
Till I rise to dwell with thee.

H Y M N XLII.

The Dying Love of Christ.

CARY'S TUNE.

WHEN I by faith my Saviour see,
And think what he has done for me,
It strikes my soul with sweet surprise,
And fills with tears my wond'ring eyes!—
His blood was shed to set me free
From everlasting misery!

On all his beauties while I gaze,
And see them in his suff'rings blaze,
My heart, like wax before the fire,
Melts into love and strong desire.—
His blood was shed to set me free
From everlasting misery!

Was it for me those hands were torn?
For me he suffer'd shame and scorn?

Was it my name which, written there,
 Drew to his heart the bloody spear?—
 Was his blood shed to set me free
 From everlasting misery?

Did Jesus hide me in his veins?
 And did my sins awake those pains
 Which, like a fire, through all his frame
 Ravag'd in one devouring flame?
 Was his blood shed to set me free
 From everlasting misery?

H Y M N XLIII.

The same.

Y E S, Jesus did resign his breath,
 And suffer'd all the pangs of death,
 That we might see his Father's face,
 And taste the sweets of pard'ning grace:—
 His blood was shed to set us free
 From everlasting misery!

Why did the Lord in anger frown?
 Why did his Father's wrath come down
 In storms, to shake his spotless soul,
 And through his heart like waters roll?—
 Why, but to set poor sinners free
 From everlasting misery?

With such a Saviour, such a King,
 Who can but love! who can but sing!
 An intercessor so divine
 Makes ev'ry face with gladness shine;—
 Whose blood was shed to set us free
 From everlasting misery!

H Y M N XLIV. L. M.

The Assurance of Faith.

THE Lord, whose throne is fix'd on high,
 The God of glory and of love,
 That treads the clouds beneath his feet,
 And rules the wondrous worlds above:

The God that built the starry roof
 That over-hangs this spacious earth,
 That laid the floors of heav'n with gold,
 And gave the whole creation birth:—

This God is mine, and I am his—
 Eternal glory to his name!
 Though time and nature stop their course,
 My God and Saviour is the same.

Though hell and sin, with all their hosts
 United rise, my faith to move,

Fix'd on this rock I stand secure,
And triumph in redeeming love.

When earth and heav'n shall roll away,
My soul, beyond the reach of fear,
In a new heav'n shall meet her Lord,
And reign for ever with him there.

H Y M N XLV.

The Pilgrim's Song.

SUSSEX TUNE.

To Zion we go, the seat of our King,
And yet while below, we cannot but sing.
Tho' few here esteem us, the God we adore
Has dy'd to redeem us—what could he do more?

What Jesus has done, to save us from hell;
What conquests he won, when he himself fell;
The depths of his sorrow, the heights of his love,
Will never be known till we sing them above.

Then trust in his name, and rest on his word;
He's always the same unchangeable Lord;
His wisdom's omniscient, his pow'r is supreme,
His grace is sufficient his flock to redeem.

HYMN LXVI.

Christian Encouragement.

Tho' foes in the way we oftentimes meet,
And Satan will lay fresh snares for our feet,
Our journey to Zion we still will pursue;
The God we rely on is faithful and true.

Tho' we may seem small to those whom we
fear,

Yet what are they all when Jesus is near?
His grace and his Spirit for us are employ'd;
His blood and his merit are both on our side.

Then what shall we fear? In life and in death
His Spirit can cheer our hope and our faith:
In sweet expectation we'll wait till he come;
The Lord our salvation will soon fetch us home.

HYMN XLVII. Sevens.

Mutual Encouragement.

BATH ABBEY TUNE.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a friend,
One that loves us to the end.

Forward then with courage go,
 Long we shall not dwell below ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 ' Child, your Father calls—Come home !'

In the way a thousand snares
 Lie, to take us unawares ;
 Satan, with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded part :
 But, from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be ;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 ' Child, your Father calls—Come home !'

But, of all the foes we meet,
 None so oft mislead our feet,
 None betray us into sin,
 Like the foes that dwell within.
 Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
 Christ will also conquer these ;
 Then the joyful news will come,
 ' Child, your Father calls—Come home !'

H Y M N XLVIII.

The Way, Hope, and End, of the Christian.

Thus far on our way to Zion
 We through grace divine are come ;

And the Friend whom we rely on
Soon will bid us welcome home.

Grace and truth our steps attending,
Safe we still shall walk along,
Till, our destin'd journey ending,
Truth and grace shall be our song.

Then these eyes, which now with sadness
Oft in transient clouds appear,
Shall be deck'd with beams of gladness,
Never more to shed a tear.

Then these hearts, which now so often
Not the sharpest threats can move,
Nor the sweetest words can soften,
Shall be all dissolv'd in love.

H Y M N XLIX.

The same.

THOUGH we're still with foes surrounded,
Foes that often damp our joy,
Christ, who has so often wounded,
Soon will ev'ry foe destroy.

He who doth will yet deliver,
Till we reach the happy shore,

Till we pass the gloomy river,
Till we sigh and weep no more.

Then the mind, whose chief employment
Is to watch and conflict now,
Favour'd with complete enjoyment,
Shall with endless rapture glow !

Solid hopes like these possessing,
Let us march with courage on,
Bold through fears and dangers pressing,
Till we wear the conqu'ror's crown :

Till we wave our palms in glory
Through the blissful plains above ;
Till we sound the wondrous story
Of the GREAT REDEEMER'S LOVE !

HYMN L. L. M.

After Prayer.

OXFORD TUNE.

How sweet to wait upon the Lord
While he fulfils his gracious word ;
To seek his face, and not in vain ;
To be belov'd, and love again !
To see, while prostrate at his feet,
Jehovah on the mercy seat ;

And Jesus, at the Lord's right hand,
With his divine atonement stand!

' Father,' he cries, ' I will that these,
' Before thee on their bended knees,
' For whom my life I once laid down,
' Be with me soon on this my throne!'

Amen, our hearts with rapture cry,
May we with rev'rence look so high!
Ascended Saviour, fix our eyes
By faith upon this glorious prize!

With this delightful prospect fir'd,
' We'll run, nor in thy ways be tir'd;
And all the trials here we see
Will make us long to reign with thee.

H Y M N LI. L. M.

The same.

JESUS, to thy great name we sing,
And own thee our immortal King;
Thy sceptre with delight obey,
While with thy sword we fight our way.

While life remains we look to thee
For courage, strength, and liberty;

Supply our wants, from thy rich store,
Till we are fill'd, and want no more.

And when thy sweet, thy awful voice,
In death invites us to rejoice,
Thyself, O Saviour, strike the blow
That slays our last, our strongest foe!

Thou didst thyself perfume the grave,
From fear of death thy faints to save;
Our souls through Jordan's billows guide,
And stem the overwhelming tide!

Thyself conduct us to the land
Where ransom'd saints adoring stand;
Where bliss, a sea without a shore,
Forbids the blest to wish for more!

HYMN LII. C. M.

The Triumph of Faith.

OTFORD TUNE.

YE saints, that bow at Jesu's feet,
In heart and tongue the same,
Hosannahs sing, in concord sweet,
To our atoning Lamb!

Aloft, beyond the azure dome
That clips this pond'rous ball,

Let praise ascend, till Jesus come,
And heav'n's bright curtains fall.

Yet, when each orb in yon blue skies
Shall set to rise no more,
More loud and sweet our songs shall rise
To him we now adore.

When the bright heav'ns, in liquid fire,
Shall melt and burn to dross,
O'er all their ruins shall aspire
The standard of the cross.

There shall the radiant armies flock
Whom Jesus calls his own,
Nor tremble at the mighty shock
That hurls creation down.

Firm as the everlasting hills
Remains the sinner's friend ;
The faith which now our bosom fills
Shall there in glory end.

HYMN LIII. L. M.

Christian Travellers.

NEW SABBATH TUNE.

PILGRIMS we are, to Canaan bound,
 Our journey lies along this road ;
 This wilderness we travel round
 To reach the city of our God.

And here as travellers we meet,
 Before we reach the fields above,
 To sit around our Master's feet,
 And tell the wonders of his love.

Oft have we seen the tempests rise ;
 The world and Satan, hell and sin,
 Like mountains seem'd to reach the skies
 With scarce a gleam of hope between.

But still, as oft as troubles come,
 Our Jesus sends some cheering ray,
 And that strong arm shall guard us home
 Which thus protects us by the way.

A few more days, or months, or years,
 In this dark desert to complain,
 A few more sighs, a few more tears,
 And we shall bid adieu to pain !

HYMN LIV. L. M.

Faith feeding on Redeeming Love.

OXFORD TUNE.

SAVIOUR of sinners, from thy death
Our spirits draw their heav'nly breath;
Thy dying groans with life abound,
And healing flows from ev'ry wound!

Thy sorrows are a fruitful tree,
Whereon rich blessings grow for me:
Thy spotless life a golden mine,
Where all my brightest treasures shine.

Out of thy fulness we receive
The grace and faith by which we live;
Thy broken body is our food,
The wine we drink is thy rich blood.

Thy righteousness is all our dress,
In which, before thy Father's face,
Perfect in beauty we appear,
Without one spot to raise a fear.

No holiness of life or thought
We know, but what thy grace has wrought;
And thy good Spirit makes us do
Our heav'nly Father's will below.

Not unto us be glory, Lord,
 To thee, thy Spirit, and thy word;
 Salvation is alone of grace,
 And grace alone shall have the praise!

H Y M N LV. L. M.

Admiration and Confidence.

AND may I hope that, when no more
 These pulses beat with life below,
 I shall the God of life adore,
 And all the bliss of being know!

I who deserve no place but hell,
 No portion but devouring fire,
 Shall I with Christ in glory dwell,
 Possess of all I now desire?

Will God, who never could endure
 On sin to look without a frown,
 With a kind smile pronounce me pure,
 And grant me an immortal crown?—

Will Jesus own a wretch like me,
 And tell to saints and angels round
 That, when he suffer'd on the tree,
 My sins augmented ev'ry wound?—

Will he, from life's eternal book
 To earth and heav'n proclaim my name;
 On me, as on his children, look,
 And make my lot with theirs the same?—

Will Jesus, as my surety, place
 Before his Father's glorious throne
 Me as an heir of sov'reign grace,
 Me as his own adopted son?—

He will!—I read it in his word,
 And in my heart the witness feel:
 I shall be with and like my Lord,
 Though sin oppose in league with hell!

I shall be with him when he comes
 Triumphant down the parting skies;
 And, when his voice breaks up the tombs,
 Among his children I shall rise:—

Among his children I shall stand
 When quick and dead his throne surround,
 Blest with a place at his right hand,
 And with immortal glory crown'd!

When all his foes beneath his feet
 In chains of endless torment lie,
 Unworthy I shall fill a seat
 Among the princes of the sky!

HYMN LVI. L.M.

Adoration of the Redeemer.

JESUS, thy saints assemble here
 Thy pow'r and goodness to declare;
 Oh may these happy seasons prove
 That we have known redeeming love!

And, while of mercies past we speak,
 And sing of endless joys to come,
 Let thy full glories on us break,
 And every thought give Jesus room!

Engrave thy name on ev'ry heart;
 And give us all, before we part,
 The life-restoring joys to know
 Which from thy veins in rivers flow.

No other food may we desire,
 No other theme our bosoms fire,
 But sov'reign, rich, redeeming love,
 While here, and when we dwell above!

Thine everlasting love we sing,
 The source whence all our pleasures spring;
 How deep it sinks, how high it flows,—
 No saint can tell, no angel knows!

Its length and breadth no eye can trace,
 No thought explore the bounds of grace;
 Like its dear Author's name, it shines
 In infinite unfolded lines!

The love which saves our souls from hell
 On this side heav'n we ne'er shall tell;
 But, when we reach bright Canaan's plains,
 We'll sound it in immortal strains!

HYMN LVII. L.M.

Praise to the King of Zion.

KING Jesus, reign for evermore
 Unrivall'd in the courts above;
 While we with all thy saints adore
 The wonders of redeeming love.

No other Lord but thee we'll know,
 No other pow'r but thine confess;
 We'll spread thine honours while below,
 And heav'n shall hear us shout thy grace.

We'll sing along the heav'nly road
 That leads us to our blest abode,
 Till with the vast unnumber'd throng
 On Zion's hill, we join our song:—

Till with pure hearts and voices sweet
 We cast our crowns at Jesu's feet,
 And sing of everlasting love
 In everlasting strains above.

H Y M N LVIII. L. M.

The Privileges of a Citizen of Zion.

Zion's the city where I dwell,
 Surrounded by the hosts of hell;
 But glory soon will be my home,
 Where sin and hell can never come.

Till then among the saints below,
 Where Jesus deigns his face to show,
 Let me be favour'd with a place,
 Constant in all the means of grace.

Oh lovely place, where first my heart
 Was taught for baneful sin to smart!
 Where first my eyes were brought to see
 That Jesus liv'd and dy'd for me!

Here would I dwell, and learn to sing
 The grace and love of Zion's King,
 Till I ascend the heav'nly skies,
 And sing his praises as I rise—

Till in the palace where he reigns
 I learn, in sweet immortal strains,
 The wonders of that love to tell
 That sav'd my soul from sin and hell!

HYMN LIX. L. M.

The City of God on Earth.

No earthly city can compare
 With Zion, when her LORD is there!
 Her gifts like golden turrets rise;
 Her fervent graces melt the skies;

Her stately walls are girt with pow'r;
 Safety and strength compose her tow'r;
 Firm on a rock her palace stands,
 The glory of the Builder's hands.

A river, full of peace and love,
 For ever flowing from above,
 Makes her inhabitants rejoice,
 And tunes with praise each mourner's voice.

Here all the graces live and reign—
 A fruitful and a glorious train!
 Their happy influence shed abroad,
 And point us to their Author—God.

Faith, like an eagle from her nest,
Mounts up in search of heav'nly rest;
And love, like incense from a fire,
Ascends in flames of strong desire.

Patience, that long enduring, still
Submissive waits Jehovah's will;
And lively hope, that lifts her head
Beyond the regions of the dead.

Here all the heav'n-born sons of grace
Proclaim the King of Zion's praise,
Whose precious name from ev'ry tongue
Flows on in one delightful song.

HYMN LX. C. M.

Christ's unparalleled Love.

A FRIEND there is—your voices join,
Ye saints, to praise his name!—
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.

When most we need his helping hand,
This friend is always near;
With heav'n and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.

His love no end or measure knows;
 No change can turn its course;
 Immutably the same it flows
 From one eternal source.

When frowns appear to veil his face,
 And clouds surround his throne,
 He hides the purpose of his grace,
 To make it better known.

And, if our dearest comforts fall
 Before his sov'reign will,
 He never takes away our all,—
 Himself he gives us still!

Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
 And measures out our pains;
 The wildest storm his word obeys,
 His word its rage restrains.

HYMN LXI.

Submission.

No hand can move in earth or hell
 Against the soul Christ loves,
 But as directed by his will,
 But as his love approves.

Then let him raise his chast'ning hand,
 We bend beneath his rod,
 Resign his gifts at his command,
 And still adore our God!

Silent be all my anxious fears,
 My heart no more repine,
 Since Jesus in his bosom wears
 The flow'r that once was mine!

I'll love my Lord, and trust his word,
 Though he thinks fit to frown;
 And bless the hand that holds the sword
 Which cuts my comforts down.

HYMN LXII. C. M.

Christ's Suffering alone.

WHEN Jesus, both of God and men,
 Was treated as a thief,
 His body felt amazing pain,
 His soul amazing grief.

He bore our sins; our sorrows fell
 Like mountains on his soul;
 Like rising seas he saw them swell,
 Like raging billows roll.

Himself to friends and foes a friend,
 No friendly hand he found,
 That could the least assistance lend
 When dogs beset him round.

No weeping friend his bosom lent
 To rest his drooping head ;
 With gaping wounds his flesh was rent,
 His wounds unpity'd bled.

Alone he stood, alone he fell,
 Alone the Conqu'ror rose,
 Alone he burst the bars of hell,
 And trampled on his foes !

H Y M N LXIII. C. M.

The Patience and Love of Christ.

CHRIST knows the heights of heav'nly blifs,
 The depths of earthly woe ;
 Acquainted well our Jesus is
 With all the griefs we know.

Thrice holy Lord ! in heav'n they cry,
 When Jesu's praise they sing ;
 On earth they shouted—' Crucify !'
 And mock'd the lowly King.

Alike unmov'd, he bends to wear
 Heav'n's praises as his crown;
 Unmov'd alike, he stands to bear
 On earth his creatures' frown!

Meek as a lamb beneath the knife
 Of butchering hands he lay;
 And patiently resign'd the life
 They could not take away.

But, oh! it shook his soul with dread,
 And fill'd his heart with fear,
 When God his Father turn'd his head
 Against his fervent prayer!

Why, O ye saints, ye sinners, why
 Did Jesus suffer thus?
 In heav'n they shout—on earth they cry—
 'Jesus was slain for us!'

HYMN LXIV. C. M.

Christ our Surety.

OUR sins were laid upon his head;
 From us the burden fell:
 Beneath our sorrows Jesus bled,
 And we are freed from hell!

His Father's all-pervading eye,
 That tries the reins and heart,
 Could in his soul no blemish see,
 Yet did he make him smart.

For, though within his holy breast
 No blemish could be found,
 With names that had the law transgress'd
 His heart was graven round.

There Justice read our legal debt,
 And summ'd the vast amount;
 And Jesus plac'd, without regret,
 All to his own account!

The thunders of a broken law,
 While gath'ring o'er his head,
 Unshaken our Redeemer saw,
 Though fill'd with holy dread.

Justice, that held the flaming sword,
 And found his bosom bare,
 No drop of mercy could afford,
 Because our guilt was there!

HYMN LXV. C.M.

The Garden of Grace.

A GARDEN fenc'd from common earth
By special sov'reign grace,
Enrich'd with plants of heav'nly birth,
The Church of Jesus is.

His Gospel is the open sky,
His love the shining sun;
Rivers of peace, which never dry,
Through all this garden run.

His spirit is the heav'nly wind
That o'er this garden blows,
And, op'ning each immortal mind,
The Saviour's image shows.

Faith, like an ivy, to the rock
That stands for ever cleaves,
And through the tempest's loudest shock
Eternal calm perceives.

Assurance, like a cedar, rears
Its stately branches high,
Beyond the reach of doubts and fears,
And blossoms in the sky.

HYMN LXVI.

The same.

HERE love appears a fruitful vine,
From Christ the bleeding root
Receiving life and sap divine,
And bears immortal fruit.

Humility, a lily fair,
Transplanted from on high,
Grows here, perfuming all the air
With sweets that never die.

Firm patience, like an aloe strong,
By storms unshaken grows,
And, changing scenes enduring long,
At length in glory blows.

Here hope, a lively evergreen,
Displays her smiling face ;
And flow'rs of ev'ry hue are seen,—
But all are plants of grace!

HYMN LXVII. L. M.

Help against the Fear of Creatures.

WHEREFORE should dark events alarm,
Or sharp temptations make us faint ?

The strength of an almighty arm
Keeps and defends the weakest saint.

Yet, till this scene of action's clos'd,
And we lay down the shield and sword,
We must oppose and be oppos'd
By those who crucify'd our Lord.

But glorious will our triumph be
When the severe engagement's done,
And we, from sin and sorrow free,
Ascending, shout the conquest won!

H Y M N LXVIII. L. M.

Encouragement against the Fear of Death.

WHEN swelling Jordan o'er us rolls,
Should Christ his lovely presence hide,
Will it not overwhelm our souls
Before we reach the Canaan side?

Who knows how deep the flood may be
When we our awful summons hear;
Or what dark prospects we may see
When his black banners death shall rear?

Well, should the tyrant Death display
His fiercest form when we pass o'er,
Our skilful Guide knows all the way
From Jordan's brink to Canaan's shore.

Yes, the Redeemer once was dead !
And, when he pass'd the gloomy grave,
Death's blackest waves roll'd o'er his head,
That we might know his pow'r to save.

Jesus has conquer'd Death for us,
When his dark mansions he pass'd through ;
He to a blessing turn'd the curse,
And we shall triumph o'er him too.

H Y M N LXIX. L. M.

The Harmony of Creation and Redemption.

From the 19th Psalm.

THE heav'ns above our heads declare
Thy glory, Lord, in letters fair ;
With marks of thine almighty pow'r
Adorning each revolving hour.

The sun, when he begins his race,
The borders of thy works displays ;
And, as his glories brighter shine,
More plainly shows thy skill divine.

Thy creatures' hearts with rapture bound,
 While he with splendid speed goes round;
 And daily, as thy bounteous hand
 Sheds blessings down on ev'ry land.

The moon, that from her azure throne
 By night diffuses light alone,
 Thy separating skill proclaims
 Where'er she sends her borrow'd beams.

The distant stars, that through the night
 From far emit their twinkling light,
 Expand our views of thy domain,
 And tell how vast, how wide thy reign.

HYMN LXX.

The same.

THE various trees, and plants, and flow'rs,
 Born of thy heav'n-descending show'rs,
 With fishes, birds, and beasts, unite
 Thy name thro' earth and seas to write.

Creation's works, in all their forms,
 From rolling stars to creeping worms,
 In never-ceasing concord join
 To sing thy name, thy pow'r divine.

But, when the dawn of heav'n we view
 In fallen sinners born anew,
 When in the gospel's brighter skies
 We see the sun of glory rise,

No more we ask the stars to tell
 What Jesus only could reveal;
 In him at once our eyes behold
 More than creation ever told.

Omnipotence, in accents sage,
 Creation sings through every age;
 But Love and Justice, Truth and Grace,
 Shine brightest in Redemption's rays.

HYMN LXXI.

The same.

God's nature and his name we read
 When we behold the Saviour bleed;
 And, when we hear his dying groan,
 His shame and grief explain our own!

The lustre of the holy law,
 Thus honour'd, fills our minds with awe;
 And Calv'ry's scenes at once reveal
 More love and wrath than heav'n and hell.

How pure the truth that would not spare
 Thine equal, thine eternal heir!
 How great the love that freely gave
 Thy son thine enemies to save!

Thy just commands, by him obey'd,
 In all their beauties stand display'd;
 Thy righteous vengeance falling there
 Fills earth and heav'n with holy fear.

HYMN LXXII. L. M.

Christians have reason to sing.

ARISE, ye saints, and sing below
 In prospect of the joys above;
 Think, while you mourn where sorrows grow,
 On yonder world of light and love!

Jesus, the God that once came down,
 And liv'd a man of sorrows here,
 Now wears in heav'n th' imperial crown,
 And waits to bid us welcome there.

And, ere we reach the happy shore,
 His Spirit condescends to bring
 A taste, to make us long for more,
 Of that which makes the angels sing.

And, if the earnest of his love
We find, while yet on earth so sweet,
What must the full possession prove
When round his glorious throne we meet!

When with immortal eyes we gaze
On the full glories of our God,
As in Emmanuel's face they blaze,
And fill with light the blest abode!

HYMN LXXIII. L.M.

The same.

Why should the saints be fill'd with dread,
Or yield their joys to slavish fear?
Heav'n can't be full, which holds the Head,
Till ev'ry member's present there!

In heav'n the Head—the members here—
Ten thousand thousand, yet but one!
So far asunder, yet so near!
Some yet unborn—some round the throne!

How bright eternal wisdom shines
When it displays eternal love,
Instructing by those dazzling lines
The earth beneath and heav'n above!

HYMN LXXIV. L. M.

A Christian Welcome.

WELCOME, dear brethren, to this place!
 Be banish'd ev'ry slavish fear!
 Ye come to seek Emmanuel's face,—
 And he has promis'd to be here.

Seek him in pray'r—he'll surely come
 To do us good before we part;
 Each humble breast he'll make his home,
 And dwell in ev'ry waiting heart.

He'll come with all his gracious train
 Of lively graces bright and strong;
 Then shall the Lamb for sinners slain
 Sound loud and sweet from ev'ry tongue.

Oh then be earnest, take no nay,
 He'll answer ev'ry good desire;
 Give him your hearts, though cold as clay,
 They'll melt like wax before the fire!

HYMN LXXV.

Christians, look homeward.

DRAW near, O ye blessed, and help me to sing
 The treasures for you laid in store,
 When at last you shall meet your dear Shep-
 herd and King,
 To weep in this desert no more.

Oh think with what rapt'rous shouts we shall
 rise

To join with the glorified choirs,
 When Jesu's bright chariot appears in the skies,
 And death at his coming expires!

When 'Come, O ye blessed,' sounds sweet in
 our ears,

By love everlasting exprest,
 What place will be found for our doubts and
 our fears

In sight of the mansion of rest?

No more shall the wicked our comforts annoy,
 Nor conscience from guilt feel a wound;
 No tree of temptation, our peace to destroy,
 Shall in the blest region be found.

No passions, unholy, our bosoms shall move
 To taint the fair mansions with strife:
 Our Shepherd shall feed us on pastures of love,
 And lead us to fountains of life.

Look up, ye dejected, that weep as ye go,
 And complain that no comfort ye prove;
 Cast down your sad willows, and sing while
 below
 Of the bliss that awaits you above.

Anticipate heav'n, it will sweeten those hours
 When sorrows all round you appear;
 Will strew all the road to mount Sion with
 flowers,
 And smoothe the rough path-way of care.

HYMN LXXVI.

Praise to the Redeemer.

ST. JOHN'S TUNE.

HOSANNAH to his name
 Who bore our sin and shame,
 Let heaven and earth resound his praise;
 Come all ye sons of God,
 Redeem'd by precious blood,
 And shouts of holy triumph raise.

To his great name alone
 Who fits upon the throne,
 And wears redemption's beauteous crown;
 Let endless praises rise
 From all below the skies,
 From all to whom his name is known.

He dy'd to save his foes,
 His love no limits knows,
 And let his praises know no bounds;
 Sing, ransom'd sinners, sing,
 Extol your God and King,
 Till universe his praise resounds.

Sing what you can't explain,
 Sing of a Saviour slain,
 A Saviour slain for sinners vile;
 Sing of your blest abode,
 Sing of your smiling God,
 Your God that will for ever smile!

Sing of that holy light
 Beyond expression bright,
 The Morning Star of heav'nly day;
 The Sun of Righteousness
 That fills the church with grace,
 Will all his beams in heaven display.

HYMN LXXVII.

Heaven.

THEN we shall see and know
What can't be known below,
For glory centers in his name;
No night's approach they fear,
They need no candle there,
The light of heav'n is God the Lamb.

He shines with beams of love
On all the saints above,
And all the saints with glory shine;
From him the angels bright,
Those happy sons of light,
Are fill'd with life and love divine.

No temple built with hands
In that bright region stands,
God is their palace, and their home:
With perfect pleasure blest,
In him the soul finds rest
For all eternity to come.

Sing, ransom'd sinners, sing,
 Extol your God and King,
 While on your way to heav'n ye go;
 You'll never cease in heav'n
 To sing of sins forgiv'n,
 And what should check your song below?

Though dangers by the way
 May fill us with dismay,
 Our Saviour God remains the same;
 Salvation full and free,
 We still in him shall see,
 Oft as by faith we read his name.

HYMN LXXVIII.

Christian Gratitude.

ST. JOHN'S TUNE.

WHY do the saints rejoice
 With lifted heart and voice,
 And fill the air with shouts of praise?
 Because the Son of God
 Has bought them with his blood,
 And sanctifies them by his grace.

The very stones would cry,
And lift their voice on high,
For God could give them hearts and tongues,
To shame the ransom'd race,
The blood-bought sons of grace,
If they should cease their thankful songs.

Did Jesus die for me?
Shall I his glory see?
And shall I cease to sing his name?
No; should my guilty tongue
Refuse to join that song,
Silence would cover me with shame.

Oh could I learn to sing
Of my exalted King
As they who see him sing in heav'n,
How would my heart and voice,
In praising him, rejoice!—
My heart and voice for this were given.

Sinners, come taste his grace,
Then you will learn his praise,
For all who know him bless his name;
Think what he bore for you,
Then will you love him too,
Whose love is one eternal flame.

HYMN LXXIX.

Christian Profession.

ST. JOHN'S TUNE.

How pleasant is the gate
Where willing converts wait
For fellowship with Zion here ;
Where they with wonder tell
How they escap'd from hell,
And hope in glory to appear.

With wonder we attend
While they the sinners' Friend
With tears of holy joy extol ;
Each heart, once hard as steel,
Now made for sin to feel,
Bears tokens of a ransom'd soul.

No more of self they boast,
They humbly own the cost
Of their salvation freely paid ;
The sins which make them groan,
And must have sunk them down,
They now behold on Jesus laid.

No place to them so sweet
 As Mary's at his feet,
 No music equal to his name;
 No doctrine they approve
 But his redeeming love,
 Which freely bore their sin and shame.

In him the law they view,
 And the sweet gospel too;
 With humble hope and holy fear,
 Through his atoning blood,
 They now draw nigh to God,
 And his bright wedding garment wear.

HYMN LXXX.

The same.

To HIM alone they sing;
 HIM, as their Lord and King,
 With shouts of holy joy, they own;
 And oh! how oft they long
 To join the heav'nly song,
 And cast their crowns before his throne.

The souls that taste his grace
 Desire to see his face,
 In whom they see their sins forgiv'n ;
 With Jesus they would dwell,
 Who saves their souls from hell,
 And marks with blood their path to heaven.

He calls them to the skies,
 He says, ' My love, arise,
 ' Make haste, and leave the world behind.'
 When once they hear his voice,
 They tremble and rejoice,
 Astonish'd that he speaks so kind !

Tir'd of the world and sin,
 Their journey they begin,
 And every let and hind'rance fear ;
 To heaven, without delay,
 They fain would wing their way,
 Because no sin or sorrow's there.

HYMN LXXXI.

Christian Prospect.

'Tis heaven begun below
To hear Christ's praises flow,
In Zion, where his name is known;
What will it be above
To sing redeeming love,
And cast our crowns before his throne?

When we adore him there
We shall be void of fear,
Nor faith, nor hope, nor patience, need;
Love will absorb us quite,
Love, in the midst of light,
On God's eternal love shall feed.

Oh! what sweet company
We then shall hear and see,
What harmony will there abound,
When souls unnumber'd sing
The praise of Zion's King,
Nor one dissenting voice is found!

With everlasting joy,
 Such as will never cloy,
 We shall be fill'd, nor wish for more;
 Bright as meridian day,
 Calm as the evening ray,
 Full as a sea without a shore.

Till that blest period come
 Zion shall be my home;
 And may I never thence remove
 Till from the church below
 To heaven at once I go,
 And there commune in perfect love.

HYMN LXXXII. C.M.

Triumph over Death.

THYATIRA TUNE.

O DEATH, where is thy cruel sting
 Which us'd to wound my heart?
 Since I beheld my dying King
 I've lost that venom'd smart.

The King of grace and glory dy'd,
 And dy'd to ransom me;
 Thy pow'r to kill he then defy'd,
 And gain'd the victory.

I can survey the gloomy grave,
 And no dark horrors feel,
 Since Christ descended there to save
 His saints from death and hell.

O grave, where is thy victory !
 What conquest hast thou made,
 Since my Redeemer conquer'd thee,
 And thou was't captive led ?

What ransom'd soul hast thou detain'd
 From its eternal rest,
 Since Christ the victory obtain'd,
 And thy dominion ceas'd ?

While I can boast of Jesus slain
 I'll triumph over thee ;
 I shall not in thy pow'r remain
 When thou art sent for me.

HYMN LXXXIII. C. M.

Comfort under Loss of Friends.

DEATH is the servant of your Lord,
 Ye saints, why should ye weep ?
 Since Jesus tells you in his word,
 That death, in him, is sleep.

Are your dear friends or kindred gone
 To sing before the throne?
 And are you left on earth to mourn,
 To mourn your loss alone?

Weep for your loss, but not for them,
 Nor mourn your loss too long;
 Their place and yours will be the same
 'Midst yon celestial throng.

Your loss is their eternal gain,
 And all things work for good
 While we rejoice in Jesus slain,
 And humbly walk with God.

The Lord will wipe the tears away
 Of those who weep for sin;
 And sorrow, sadness, or dismay,
 Will not in heav'n be seen.

The saints, who mourn the heavy loss
 Of dear relations gone,
 Though they on earth endure the cross,
 In heav'n shall wear the crown.

Soon on the everlasting plains
 Our golden harps will sound
 To high, celestial, thankful strains,
 Through one eternal round.

HYMN LXXXIV.

Praise for Electing Love.

WREATH'S TUNE*.

NOT unto us, but to thy grace,
Great fountain of eternal love,
Belongs the everlasting praise
That sinners hope to dwell above.

Cho. *Praise ye the Lord—the Saviour praise,
Hosanna to the God of Grace.*

Jehovah Jesus, just and wise,
Laid the foundation of our peace
Before he spread the azure skies,
Or form'd the earth, or fill'd the seas.

Cho. *Praise ye the Lord, &c.*

Before his all-creating voice
Supply'd the sun and moon with light,
Or bid the hosts of heav'n rejoice,
Our souls were precious in his sight.

Cho. *Praise ye the Lord, &c.*

* All the Hymns written to suit Wreath's Tune, will go
to any long-measure Tune, by leaving out the cho. us.

He fix'd his children's future lot
When first he drew creation's plan,
Rejoicing in each favour'd spot
Where he would dwell with fallen man.

Cho. *Praise ye the Lord, &c.*

Jesus, with high delight, survey'd,
On the vast map before his eye,
The place where he has since display'd
The great incarnate mystery.
Cho. *Praise ye the Lord, &c.*

HYMN LXXXV.

The same.

How free, how glorious was the grace,
How wonderful the sov'reign love,
That chose our souls, our time, and place,
Before he bade the planets move.
Cho. *Praise the Lord—the Saviour praise,
Hosanna to the God of Grace.*

No claim had we, who now enjoy
The smiles of our redeeming God:
He only knows that chose us, why
Our hearts are his divine abode.
Cho. *Praise ye the Lord, &c.*

If we appear before his throne
When he shall call our spirits hence,
We must be sav'd by grace alone,
For who can help Omnipotence?

Cho. *Praise ye the Lord, &c.*

H Y M N LXXXVI.

Praise for Redemption.

WREATH'S TUNE.

PRAISE your Redeemer, praise his name,
Ye saints, who live upon his grace;
Praise HIM whose love remains the same
Through every change of time and place.

Cho. *Praise ye the Lord—the Saviour praise,
Hosanna to the God of Grace.*

Praise HIM who opens mercy's door
To welcome every seeking soul;
Who gives salvation to the poor,
And makes the wounded conscience whole.

Cho. *Praise ye the Lord, &c.*

Praise H I M who came from heav'n, to bring
Glad tidings of salvation down ;
Praise H I M, for you have cause to sing,
Who hope for an immortal crown.

Cho. *Praise ye the Lord, &c.*

Praise H I M who lov'd you when you lay
In bondage under Satan's pow'r ;
Who dy'd, your ransom price to pay,
And spoil'd your foes in that same hour.

Cho. *Praise ye the Lord, &c.*

Praise H I M who lov'd you on the cross,
Praise H I M who loves you on his throne,
Praise H I M who turns to gain your loss,
And makes your crosses prove your crown.

Cho. *Praise ye the Lord, &c.*

Praise H I M who lov'd you long before
The wheels of time began to move ;
Whose love, when time shall be no more,
Will still be everlasting love.

Cho. *Praise ye the Lord, &c.*

HYMN LXXXVII.

The Divinity and Mediation of Christ.

WREATH'S TUNE.

PRAISE ye the Lord, th' eternal King,
Who reigns by right, and rules by love;
Let all the saints his glory sing,
The saints below and saints above.

Cho. *To Him that lives, but once was slain,
Be honour, power, and praise. Amen.*

Praise Him who sits upon his throne,
His throne of glory and of grace;
O'er heav'n and earth he reigns alone,
Unlimited by time or place.

Cho. *To Him that lives, &c.*

The everlasting mountains bend
Beneath his glorious awful feet;
The vallies where he walks ascend,
And every step obedient meet.

Cho. *To Him that lives, &c.*

No hand against his will can rise,
No heart against his love can stand ;
No place is secret from his eyes,
Not heaven, nor hell, nor sea, nor land.
Cho. *To Him that lives, &c.*

What he desires to do, is done ;
The awful mandate of his will,
That moves the universe alone,
Can make the universe stand still.
Cho. *To Him that lives, &c.*

His smile is heav'n—his frown is hell,
His dreadful vengeance breaks his foes ;
His favour is the living well
From which complete salvation flows.
Cho. *To Him that lives, &c.*

HYMN LXXXVIII.

The same.

WREATH'S TUNE.

THE hosts of heav'n, at Christ's command,
Fly through the air, or walk the earth;
And round the church, like watchmen stand-
To guard the men of heavenly birth.

Cho. *To Him that lives, but once was slain,
Be honour, power, and praise. Amen.*

His glory fills eternity,
Eternity which was, and is;
And all eternity to come
Will shine with his immortal praise.

Cho. *To Him that lives, &c.*

The saints, which stand before his throne,
In holy robes of spotless white,
Cast at his feet their glories down,
And bend to his imperial right.

Cho. *To Him that lives, &c.*

Angels and seraphs all attend
As ministers to do his will,
With rev'rence and submission bend;
All heav'n, when Jesus speaks, is still.
Cho. *To Him who lives, &c.*

And when he stops, all heaven resounds
With his high praise and matchless love;
Angels and saints with blissful sounds
Fill all the happy plains above.
Cho. *To Him that lives, &c.*

H Y M N LXXXIX.

The Subject continued.

To Him they shout—to him alone!
Who bears eternal glory's weight,
Who fills the high celestial throne,
And honours that thrice holy seat.
Cho. *To Him that lives, but once was slain,
Be honour, power, and praise. Amen.*

To Him who lov'd, and liv'd, and dy'd,
And triumph'd o'er the pow'r of death;
To Him whose wounded hands and side
Add music to celestial breath.
Cho. *To Him that lives, &c.*

To Him who bore our sins away,
And wash'd our guilty souls with blood;
Who taught our feet the heav'nly way,
And makes us kings and priests to God.
Cho. *To Him that lives, &c.*

To Him who sent his Spirit down,
When we were sinners once on earth,
To raise us to an heav'nly crown,
And give our souls celestial birth.
Cho. *To Him that lives, &c.*

To Him who shines before our eyes
In robes of uncreated light;
Whose glories ever on us rise,
And fill us with supreme delight.
Cho. *To Him that lives, &c.*

To Him whose everlasting love
Sent forth those precious streams of grace,
Which made us long to dwell above,
And led us to this blissful place.
Cho. *To Him that lives, &c.*

H Y M N XC.

Praise for Salvation.

WREATH'S TUNE.

PRAISE ye the Lord, let finners praise
The Saviour's great and glorious name;
Let every heart that feels his grace,
His mercy, love, and truth, proclaim.

Cho. *Praise ye the Lord—the Saviour praise,
Hosanna to the God of Grace.*

Praise Him who lov'd and pity'd you
When you no love or pity sought;
Who pay'd your price to justice due,
When you had sold yourselves for nought.

Cho. *Praise ye the Lord, &c.*

Praise him who sends his spirit down
To shew you all your sins forgiv'n,
To mark and seal you for his own,
And fit you by his grace for heav'n.

Cho. *Praise ye the Lord, &c.*

Praise Him whose everlasting love
Ssprings like a fountain in the soul ;
And will, when time shall cease to move,
In an unbounded ocean roll.

Cho. *Praise ye the Lord, &c.*

Mercy, eternal as his throne,
And wide as his most righteous reign,
Descends in show'rs of blessing down
On all for whom the Lamb was slain,
Cho. *Praise ye the Lord, &c.*

HYMN XCI. S.M.

Death and Resurrection.

WORKSWORTH TUNE.

COME, saints, and view the grave,
The grave where Jesus lay ;
Where Jesus conquer'd death, to save
Our flesh, which was his prey.

Why should we start aside,
Or feel such rising gloom ?
Since, when the great Redeemer dy'd,
He sanctify'd the tomb.

That still and quiet bed
 In which our flesh must rest,
 Will hear the voice which wakes the dead;
 Our flesh will then be blest.

And when we drop our clay,
 Our souls will mount on high,
 And wing the bright celestial way
 That leads to endless joy.

When Jesus comes again
 To wake the sleeping dead,
 He'll bring us in his glorious train,
 To their last conquest led.

When we our bodies see
 With our immortal eyes,
 How joyful will our spirits be
 To meet them as they rise!

And when the pearly gates
 To welcome him extend,
 We shall march through the heav'nly states
 With our immortal Friend.

H Y M N XCII. S. M.

Heaven.

RUTLAND TUNE.

O WHAT a wedding day
Will that bright morning bring!
Our spirits married to this clay,
And both to Zion's King!

Angels will shout aloud,
And we with joy shall sing;
To him that wash'd us in his blood,
This perfect praise we bring.

Praise for our bodies rais'd,
And with our souls made one;
Praise for our twofold nature, plac'd
On Christ's immortal throne.

Praise for the conquest won
From sin, from death, and hell,
By him that sits upon the throne,
Who has done all things well.

Praise for the conquest gain'd
By faith in Jesu's blood;
The grace which has our spirits train'd
For fellowship with God.

Praise for the prospect sure
Of endless joy and peace,
And light, and life, and love as pure
As God the Fountain is.

H Y M N XCIII.

Praise to the Redeemer.

WREATH'S TUNE.

COME, ye that fear and love the Lord,
And magnify his glorious name;
His name is through all heav'n ador'd,
Let saints on earth adore the same.

Cho. *To him that lives, but once was slain,
Be honour, pow'r, and praise. Amen.*

His honours shine within no bounds,
Though they are brightest seen above;
The universe his praise resounds,
And heav'n and earth proclaim his love.

Of all the works his hands have made
Well may our souls adore him most;
On him our sins and guilt were laid,
IN GOD THE SAVIOUR we will boast.

Nor will our boasting e'er be vain
While he's the object of our trust;
For all, for whom the Lamb was slain,
Shall rise and praise him from the dust.

Proclaim his praise with mortal breath
While here you live on his rich grace ;
But when we triumph over death
We'll crown him with immortal praise.

Well, he hath said—there stands our hope,
The glorious trumpet soon will sound ;
Then we shall leave the dusky globe,
And praise him on celestial ground.

HYMN XCIV.

The Dawn of the Latter-Day Glory.

WREATH'S TUNE.

PRAISE him that made you, all ye isles,
Let every nation join the song ;
Give thanks for your Creator's smiles,
Redemption will not tarry long.

Cho. *Shout! for the Lord the Saviour's come;
Let all the nations make him room.*

Jesus his glorious march begins,
Before him loud hosannas sound,
To save his people from their sins,
And break the chains that bind them round.

Cho. *Shout! &c.*

His chariot wheels of living fire
Fly through the heav'ns, and burn their way
Through all that checks his grand desire
To spread the light of heav'nly day.

Cho. *Shout! &c.*

Array'd in robes of morning light,
The glorious Conqu'rer sits on high;
And ' King of kings,' by sov'reign right,
And ' Lord of lords,' adorns his thigh.

Cho. *Shout! &c.*

The glorious rainbow round his head
Mercy and truth at once displays;
And peace and justice round him spread
Their radiant arms in close embrace.

Cho. *Shout! &c.*

Omnipotence is his bright bow,
His Father's will employs his hand;
His polish'd shafts of love strike through
The souls to endless life ordain'd.

Cho. *Shout! &c.*

But when his mighty bow he draws
To make his persecutors smart,
Those rebels that despise his laws
Shall feel his arrows in their heart.

Cho. *Shout! &c.*

HYMN XCV.

The same.

BEND, sinners, bend, or you must break,
You'll sing in heav'n, or groan in hell ;
Not earth and hell combin'd can check
The pow'r of Christ's all-conqu'ring will.

Cho. *Shout! for the Lord the Saviour's come ;
Let all the nations make him room.*

Ten thousand thunders silenc'd, hide
Their dying sounds before his voice ;
He speaks of peace, and empires wide,
In his all-cheering word rejoice.

Cho. *Shout! &c.*

Before him free salvation flows,
Like a broad river full and strong,
With crystal streams of life, for those
Who worship as he rides along.

Cho. *Shout! &c.*

His countenance exceeds the blaze
Of our most splendid noon-day sun ;
Millions of dazzled seraphs gaze
With rev'rence while he shines alone.

Cho. *Shout! &c.*

The Sun of Righteousness, he shines
The light and life of heav'n and earth;
His beams create celestial mines,
And give celestial millions birth.

Cho. Shout! &c.

By him they live, to him they sing,
From him they look for life to come;
The church obeys him as her King,
The church enjoys him as her Home.

Cho. Shout! &c.

H Y M N X C V I.

The same.

LIFE, light, and love, and liberty,
Flow from the great Redeemer's reign;
He sets the captive nations free,
Never to wear their chains again.

*Cho. Shout! for the Lord the Saviour's come;
Let all the nations make him room.*

His laws are perfect righteousness,
And perfect peace, and perfect love;
By these he rules the sons of grace,
By these he rules the realms above.

Cho. Shout! &c.

He gives the pow'r, and gives the will,
 His holy precepts to obey ;
 With patience, faith, and hope, and zeal,
 To help his pilgrims on their way.

Cho. *Shout! &c.*

More than the sons of grace can ask
 The King of Zion can bestow ;
 To search his riches were a task
 Beyond what heav'n and earth could do.

Cho. *Shout! &c.*

He satisfies the longing soul,
 And still creates it new desire ;
 And while eternal ages roll
 His saints will after him aspire.

Cho. *Shout! &c.*

HYMN XCVII. Sevens.

Believers' Baptism.

CHILDREN of the King of grace,
 As from earth to heav'n ye go,
 Your Redeemer's footsteps trace,
 Follow him in all ye do.

Since your Lord in Jordan once
 Was baptiz'd to lead the way,
 Every human rite renounce,
 And his voice with joy obey.

His sweet presence you will find
 Shining on you as ye go ;
 Cast your fears and cares behind ;
 Trust him, he will bring you through.

You are buried with the Lord,
 In the Lord you rise again ;
 Now you live upon his word,
 Who, to ransom you, was slain.

Hear the voice which speaks from heav'n,
 ' If ye love me, keep my ways.'
 You that feel your sins forgiv'n,
 Can you slight the God of grace ?

Mighty Saviour, we obey
 Thine august commanding voice ;
 Thou hast taught our feet the way,
 In thy sanction we rejoice.

On thy promise we rely,
 Hear us from thy lofty throne,
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Bless and seal us as thy own.

HYMN XCVIII.

The same.

WALWORTH TUNE.

CELESTIAL dove, descend,
And seal us as thy own !
While we the will attend
Of him that fills the throne ;
Descend, and bless thy sons on earth,
Great Author of celestial birth.

Thou didst with glory crown
The Great Redeemer's head,
When he (submissive down
In Jordan's billows laid)
Rose up, to shew how he would rise
Triumphant through th' eternal skies.

Bless us, O Lord, with light,
With heav'nly light and love,
While through this sacred rite
With willing hearts we move ;
Our spirits with thy glory crown,
And bless us, Lord, as we go down.

And as we rise again
Above the pliant wave,
Let thoughts of Jesus slain,
And rising up to save,
Raife us on wings of faith and love
To his delightful seat above.

And may our future life,
Holy and without blame,
With sin and hell at strife,
Put sin and hell to shame;
Till we triumphant o'er them rise,
And dwell in thy celestial skies.

HYMN XCIX.

Before Baptizing.

RESURRECTION TUNE.

THE Lord himself of life
Hath taught our souls this way;
And why should human strife
Teach us to disobey?
When he went up from Jordan's flood,
There met in one the Triune God.

What God himself approves,
Who can or dare deny ?
Come, every soul that loves
At Jesu's feet to lie,
Before his throne perform his will,
For there he sits commanding still.

Till time itself shall end,
I am, he says, with you;
Your faithful God and Friend,
Still to my promise true:
Believe my word, obey my voice,
And you shall in my ways rejoice.

Hear then, ye ransom'd sheep,
Your Shepherd speaks from heav'n;
And his commandment keep
By whom your sin's forgiv'n:
Constrain'd by his redeeming love,
Your love to your Redeemer prove.

You bear his sacred name,
And glory in his grace;
And can you think it shame
To walk in all his ways?
To follow him who leads your way
To regions of eternal day?

H Y M N C.

After Baptizing.

ST. JOHN'S TUNE.

WE blefs th' eternal Three,
The sacred Trinity,
The Father, Son, and Spirit's name;
The Son went thro' the flood,
The Father spake aloud,
And down the Holy Spirit came.

When Jefus had obey'd,
The voice from glory faid,
' This is my own Beloved Son,
' In whom I am well pleas'd.'
The Spirit then made hafte,
With glory Jefu's head to crown.

How honourable then,
Ye ransom'd fons of men,
Is this delightful ordinance!
Who can withftand the pow'r
Of him we all adore,
When all his voices fpeak at once?

Obedience spake in Christ
When Jesus was baptiz'd;
Approving and applauding love
The Father's voice exprefs'd;
The Spirit him confests'd,
Descending on him like a dove.

H Y M N C I.

Christ the Believer's Example in Baptism.

How full of truth and grace
Are all the Saviour's ways!
What he commanded men to do,
Himself he did perform;
With zeal his heart was warm
While the cold river he pass'd through.

' It well becometh us
' To be baptized thus,
' And to fulfil all righteousness;'
These words the Saviour said,
And in their native bed
The waters did their Lord embrace.

This was a transient grave;
 But when he dy'd to save,
 He was baptiz'd in wrath divine:
 Fire, guilt, and grief, and blood,
 Compos'd the awful flood
 Which overwhelm'd the Saviour then!

None but himself could bear
 What Jesus suffer'd there,
 His soul thro' death's dark waves sunk down;
 But he from thence arose,
 And triumph'd o'er his foes,
 And wears in heav'n the conqueror's crown.

But no such work for you,
 Ye saints, remains to do,
 The emblem only you can bear;
 Yet, since by this you may
 Your love to Christ display,
 Honour the sacred name ye wear.

HYMN CII.

Praise for Grace and Glory.

WREATH'S TUNE.

THE Lord, that grace and glory gives,
Demands a revenue of praise;
A revenue from all that lives,
But most from subjects of his grace.

Cho. *Sing to the Lord—the Lord alone,
For grace and glory are his own.*

Praise rising up from hearts sincere
In Jesu's all-prevailing name,
Is pleasing in Jehovah's ear,
Whose spirit fans the grateful flame.

Cho. *Sing to the Lord, &c.*

To him we owe the hope we have
That our transgressions are forgiv'n;
The hope of rising from the grave,
And dwelling with the Lord in heav'n.

Cho. *Sing to the Lord, &c.*

When we in nature's ruins lay,
And God's just law pronounc'd us dead,
Emmanuel bore our guilt away ;
The just to save, the unjust bled.

Cho. *Sing to the Lord, &c.*

And when we first believ'd the word,
And fled for refuge to his Son,
'Twas the good Spirit of the Lord
That made the joyful tidings known.

Cho. *Sing to the Lord, &c.*

HYMN CIII. L. M.

The Comforter and Advocate.

WHEN some sweet promise warms our heart,
And cheers us under heavy care,
It is the Spirit's gracious part
To take that word and fix it there.

'Twas he that turn'd our hearts away
From love of sin and hateful strife;
His all-creating beams display
The dawn of everlasting life.

'Tis he that brings us comfort down
 When we complain and mourn for sin;
 And, while he shews our heav'nly crown,
 Assures us sin no more shall reign.

Our great High Priest before the throne
 Presents the merits of his blood;
 For our acceptance pleads his own,
 And proves our cause completely good.

When prayer or praise attempt to rise,
 And fain would reach Jehovah's ear,
 His all-prevailing sacrifice
 Perfumes and makes it welcome there.

H Y M N CIV. Sevens.

Christ the Good Shepherd.

SHEEP of Christ's redeemed fold,
 When their Shepherd calls them near,
 Need not of his voice be told,
 None but Christ can make them hear.

Follow me, the Saviour cries,
 You on pastures green shall feed;
 On your Shepherd fix your eyes,
 He'll supply your ev'ry need.

Down they sit beneath his feet,
 Soon as once they hear his voice;
 All he says is music sweet,
 All he wills becomes their choice.

He has mark'd them ev'ry one
 With his own eternal name;
 Though they wander up and down,
 Still his care remains the same.

While the wolf, with wishful eye,
 Overlooks the midnight fold,
 Isr'el's Shepherd's always nigh,
 Nor of one will loose his hold.

In the dark and cloudy day,
 When the under shepherds faint,
 Jesus marks the wand'rer's way,
 Watchful over every faint.

HYMN CV.

Christian Contentment.

THOUGH ease and plenty, fruits of wealth,
 And all the means of life and health,
 And sweet convenience, please us;

In poverty, which most we dread,
Without a house above my head,
Or feathers to make soft my bed,
My soul could rest in Jesus.

When he came down from heav'n to earth,
The manger was his place of birth,
A chamber was denied him;
And when, to do his Father's will,
With loving kindness, pow'r, and skill,
He went about, quite lowly still,
The women's hands supplied him.

Why then should I, who taste his grace,
And hope in heaven to see his face,
Be careful for the present?
I soon shall have enough at home,
From him who now affords me some;
When death, to move my goods, shall come,
My house will then be pleasant.

The King himself I shall behold,
Array'd in robes of purest gold,
This hope my spirit raises;
Angels and saints, for company,
In that blest mansion I shall see;
Nor will they be atham'd of me
To aid them in his praises!

H Y M N C V I.

Anticipation of Heaven.

OH, how the thought that I shall know
 The man that suffer'd here below
 To manifest his favour,
 For me, and those whom most I love;
 Or here, or with himself above,
 Does my delighted passions move
 At that sweet word, for ever!

For ever to behold him shine,
 For ever more to call him mine,
 And see him still before me!
 For ever on his face to gaze,
 And meet his full assembled rays,
 While all the FATHER he displays
 To all the saints in glory!

Not all things else are half so dear
 As his delightful presence here,
 What must it be in heav'n!
 'Tis heav'n on earth to hear him say,
 As now I journey, day by day,
 'Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,
 'Thy sins are all forgiv'n.'

But how must his celestial voice
 Make my enraptur'd heart rejoice,
 When I in glory hear him ;
 While I, before the heav'nly gate,
 For everlasting entrance wait,
 And Jesus, on his throne of state,
 Invites me to come near him !

Come in, thou blessed, sit by me,
 With my own life I ransom'd thee ;
 Come taste my perfect favour ;
 Come in, thou happy spirit, come,
 Thou now shalt dwell with me at home ;
 Ye blisful mansions, make him room,
 For he must stay for ever.

When Jesus thus invites me in,
 How will the heavenly hosts begin
 To own their new relation ;
 Come in ! come in ! the blisful sound
 From every tongue will echo round,
 Till all the crystal walls resound
 With joy for my salvation.

HYMN CVII. L. M.

Praise to the Redeemer for conquering Death.

DEATH has no sting to pierce the soul
That now by faith to Jesus flies;
He can the pow'rs of hell control,
And bid the sleeping dead arise.

His own almighty arm can shake
Those gloomy vaults and mansions down,
At which the sons of Adam quake,
And raise their tenants to a crown.

Then fear not death, but fear the Lord,
And look to him for victory;
For those who tremble at his word
Shall his immortal glory see.

His promise is for ever sure,
And he hath said that death shall die:
His word for ever must endure;
His word, that fills eternity.

Rejoice, ye saints that fear his name,
Rejoice in his eternal might!
For he has put your foes to shame,
To shame and everlasting flight.

Rejoice in HIM, for he will come;
In all the beauty of his love,
And take his church, from conflict, home
To everlasting joys above.

HYMN CVIII. S. M.

The constraining Motive to Praise.

CHARITY TUNE.

Who can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high celestial King
His saving pow'r displays?

When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquer'd, fall;
When grace, and truth, and justice, meet,
And peace unites them all?

When that terrific law
Which, from the blazing mount,
Fill'd Isr'el's trembling camp with awe,
Shews a discharg'd account?

When the sweet gospel sound,
The silver trump of heav'n,
Proclaims, to contrite souls around,
That all their sin's forgiv'n?

When heav'n's expanding gates
Invite the pilgrims' feet,
And Jesus, at their entrance, waits
To place them on his seat?

Who can forbear to praise
Our high celestial King,
When sov'reign, rich, redeeming grace,
Invites our tongues to sing?

Shortly will be published,

By the Author of WALWORTH HYMNS,

The Second Edition of

EXPERIMENTAL ESSAYS,

With several additions (omitting only the Hymns, and one piece of Prose, which are contained in this Volume), on the same size and paper as this; which may be had, bound in one volume with the Hymns, by those who give orders for them.

By the desire of our own Deacons, and some others of the Church which I have the honour, under Christ, to feed; and also by the hope of doing good to my fellow Christians, and so serving my best and only Master; I am prevailed on to subjoin to Walworth Hymns the following thoughts on Church Fellowship and Social Religion in general.

A SHORT ESSAY

ON

CHURCH FELLOWSHIP AND SOCIAL RELIGION.

THE highest and sweetest of all human fellowship, out of heaven, is the fellowship of a gospel church formed after the model of the Holy Scriptures: the ordinances of God's house, and the means of grace in general, are calculated to draw the hearts of a multitude to one center; where, being all attracted by one object, and all attentive to one subject, all in-

formed from one fountain of light, all supplied from one fountain of mercy and grace, and all filled with delight from one fountain of everlasting and infinite love, their hearts and sentiments coalesce at once, and they become, though many, as it were but one. On this account, a name and a place in God's house is said to be better than the dearest and most honourable fruits of mere natural life, ' sons ' and daughters ;' because the enjoyments and true honours arising from fellowship with the people of God are superior to those which spring from any other branch of social life on earth.

If this be true, how highly unlovely is it for any Christian, who deserves that honourable name, to make light of that divinely constituted relation? The Scripture speaks of believers being added to the church daily, and explains this in another place, by the following unequivocal and expressive sentence: ' They ' first gave themselves to the Lord, and to one ' another by the will of God.' Their uniting with the church of Christ was not an act of their own free choice, which they might perform if they pleased, or omit without any just blame; but it is expressly declared to be by

the will of God that they so gave themselves up to one another, having first, by Divine Grace, been enabled to give themselves up to the Lord.—Some believers say, when asked why they live without the enjoyment of church fellowship, seeing they have a right thereto, ‘ We belong to the church of Christ at large already, inasmuch as we are members of his body mystical, and are by Divine Grace vitally united to our Head.’—So did those believers above mentioned, for they could not have given themselves to the Lord had they not received divine life from him with whom is the fountain of life. Indeed those who are not vitally united to Christ by a living and fruitful faith (which is the gift of God) have no right either to the honours or benefits of church fellowship. We have an awful proof of this truth in the case of Simon Magus, and in the divine and sudden vengeance which overtook Ananias and Sapphira in the very covert of their own hypocrisy. But to answer the above objection, when a real believer makes use of it to excuse his neglect of church fellowship. Give me leave, my dear fellow Christian, whoever you are, to say your reasoning on this point is just as good as if a

nobleman's son, in disguise and from home, should say, ' I know I am a son and heir of such a noble family, and therefore I neither wish to be so esteemed by others, or to enjoy the honours and privileges of my father's house.' Wise men of every description praise consistency of character and conduct; but where is the consistency of loving Christ and Christians, and yet not openly and fully professing to love either?

' Is it not consistent,' some may say, ' to continue under that profession in which we were brought up by our parents, or other friends, without inquiring very nicely into the merits of it; especially seeing many good and worthy Christians in our day do the same, and are well accounted of?'

It may be consistent with a state of wilful darkness (which all men who hear and obey not the gospel are declared by the word of God to be in) to suspend inquiry into that true source of divine intelligence, the Sacred Scriptures, for fear of discovering unwelcome truth there; but how it can be consistent with ' old things being passed away, and all becoming new,' to look to old things for a light to walk in the Lord's new way by, it would require a consi-

derable degree of invention to explain. My advice to inquiring Christians on this subject, is, whether in the parlour, from the pulpit, or from the press, ‘Examine the New Testament closely for yourselves, take your Lord’s advice in this as well as in all other things relative to religion,’—‘call no man father which is on earth, for one is your Father, which is in heaven.’

Error needs a great deal of defending to keep it from sinking into oblivion; a great deal of equivocation to hide its certain and natural consequences from being detected by honest inquiry; and a great deal of learning and rhetoric to plead its cause:—but, in order to embrace truth, we need only light to see it by, and an heart to love it.

Has not he who is the Truth itself said, ‘By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another?’—And how can Christians better express their love to each other, or better manifest it to the surrounding world, than by living in a constant attention to all the endearing ties of church fellowship; to renounce the world and put on Christ, by being publicly baptized, as an act of obedience to HIM, in the sacred name

of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; to unite ourselves openly to them whom we have good reason to esteem obedient followers of the Lamb of God; to sit with them at the same table, and commemorate the dying love of Jesus as the one Fountain of our spiritual life; yea, to feed all at once by faith on his broken body, and view his precious blood as the rich wine that animates our immortal spirits; to consider ourselves as redeemed by the same Almighty Friend, and to walk together in communion of heart on our way to the same everlasting home, are surely uniting and endearing ordinances. As those who belong to the same family can with propriety be more free one with another than such as are only on a visit, so Christians united in church fellowship can, by virtue of their professional relation to each other, with far greater propriety exhort, rebuke, admonish, and even, by their animating mutual example, provoke one another to love and good works, than *they* can obey those relative precepts, who, though they are brethren, have made no mutual profession of *their* divine kindred to each other. 'The righteous,' says the Psalmist, 'shall flourish like the palm-trees;'

and they are said to grow best when planted thick together. Heaven is all society and all union; and why should not the church on earth be as much like heaven as possible? Yea, it is even said of the primitive church on earth, that 'the whole multitude of the disciples were of one heart and of one soul.' But, beloved, is not individual obedience essential to mutual agreement and harmony in subjects of the same government? Let Christians take heed, therefore, how they charge the churches who hold with strict communion with causing divisions among God's people, seeing it is only wilful disobedience of a plainly revealed precept of our great King that shuts any of them (who bear worthy characters) out from communion with our churches. It is frequently said, 'there is a line of separation drawn between different denominations of real Christians;' but surely it is no more than reasonable to ask, Who draws this line? The obedient, who do as the Lord has bidden them, without making carnal objections to his revealed will? or the disobedient, who refuse to attend to his divine command, because they have been previously prejudiced against it? Are the consequences of disagreement among

subjects of the same kingdom chargeable on the obedient or disobedient subjects? Surely not on the obedient, but on the disobedient, at least if it be a righteous government.

Now as I suppose no Christian will dispute the righteousness of Christ's authority in the churches, so none can prove that obedience rendered to his revealed will is the real cause, though it may sometimes be the innocent occasion, of divisions in the church.

As trees often transplanted, even if they live, grow little, and bear little fruit; so for the most part rambling Christians, although really the children of God, are far from being equally useful or happy with those that belong to lively and well-ordered churches; for they neither abide long enough under one ministry to imbibe the spirit of it, and form clear and connected ideas of doctrine; nor perceive the beauty of its influence on the practice and social conduct of those who are instructed by it. And, even supposing such to have talents for usefulness to others, before those talents are ripened into just esteem among one people, the subject of them is transplanted into a distant and different soil, where he must strike root into new connections before he can either know or be known to any good purpose.

Moreover, a well ordered church affords a Christian such near views of the best examples for imitation as casual society can seldom boast of: and, even should it be objected here, that there are instances of the nearest, most intimate, and frequent fellowship among some who belong not to any particular church, it could be easily proved that church fellowship can be no bar to such intimacy, but is rather the nursery where such social plants thrive best; and being of course more looked after, bear the richest fruit. The force of example is far from being small even in spiritual things. *Imitation* is an essential quality of human nature, whether considered in its depraved or renewed state. The apostle speaks of provoking one another to love and to good works; and again, it is said of Christ himself, that he has left us 'an example that we should follow his steps.'

Look, and be like; might perhaps serve as a proverb to all ranks and descriptions of mankind. We sometimes even insensibly imitate that in others, by being much with them, which on reflection we disapprove. Hence how striking the propriety, beauty, and utility of that exhortation with promise,

‘ Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord; touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and I will be your Father, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.’ This last mentioned scripture naturally suggests the idea of another beautiful feature in a church of Christ; namely, that it is to a Christian as his home; he visits elsewhere, but he dwells in the church; yea, our Covenant God and Father calls Zion his dwelling-place; and where should sons and daughters dwell, but in their Father’s house?

As our sweet British Psalmist sings,

There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

The necessary blessings which support and render life comfortable, as food, rest, and society, are all sweetened to us by being enjoyed at home. And the writer of this little Essay can witness, for one, that a spiritual home is a HOME indeed; having enjoyed for many years that great blessing in one of the

liveliest and largest of our churches, and under an excellent ministry, which may the great Head of the church continue to bless and succeed for many years to come! And to this I know I shall have many readers that will say, Amen. Come then, dear fellow Christians, or go, which ever suits you best, and, obeying his commands who is King in Zion, unite with some church on earth in that holy and intimate fellowship which needs only to be interrupted by the Messenger, the welcome Messenger, who brings your dismissal to the church triumphant. I speak from happy experience, as well as with the word of God quite on my side, in highly and warmly recommending social religion; and therefore cannot but hope, in dependence on the Lord, that I shall meet with some success.

The strength and beauty of social religion are founded on, and consist in, similarity of character, union of interest, unity of heart, and harmony of conduct: but similarity of character cannot be known without frequent comparison of sentiment; union of interest cannot be well understood without frequent comparison of evidence; unity of heart cannot subsist but by means of mutual knowledge and

reciprocal communication; neither can there be harmony of conduct in many, but as far as in all their actions they keep one end in view, or act from one pure motive. Our divine Lord represents simplicity of motive, or a single eye, as the substance of wisdom: 'If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.' What a shade of dishonour does this saying cast over all human policy; which is but too much imitated in the conducting of religious societies, even churches where the gospel is professed in distinction from all ceremonies of men's devising! It is hard for human wisdom to consent to be melted down and cast into the mould of gospel simplicity. Respectability of character among men is one of the most refined baits the devil uses to catch Christ's fish with. But it is a truth, which must be felt sooner or later by every true Christian, that every degree of conformity to the world tends to make him a coward before men, and a slave before God. Gospel simplicity and true humility form the best basis for free communication in spiritual things. He that can look down on the simplest means of Christian fellowship, walks too much on the lofty mountains of self-esteem to gather

many of the flowers which grow in the valleys of social love. Social religion is the nurse of all the graces of the Holy Spirit in the souls of believers; and those who have been most under her care can witness with me that she is not a dry nurse. Is it not pity that in this one point the fellowship of saints on earth one with another should so far resemble that of the church militant with the church triumphant? We have infallible testimony that the saints in heaven are members of Christ's mystical body, and as such we love them; but we cannot convey our ideas of divine things to them, nor receive from them any account of the felicity, or manner of their blissful state, that is reserved for us, till we are as they. So we have credible testimony that the members of the several churches to which we belong are Christians, and, as far as we believe it, we rejoice with them in the common salvation; but we have few means among us, as churches, whereby we can convey our ideas of divine things freely to each other, so as to enjoy literal fellowship. Yet as there can be no wound in Zion but there is balm in Gilead suited to heal it, let those, who are convinced of the truth of these obser-

vations, apply to the great Physician of souls, requesting him, who alone has sufficient skill and power, to send health and cure in this respect to his churches.

The instruction and establishment of the members of Christ's mystical body in the knowledge and experience of all that pertains to his spiritual kingdom, especially in the knowledge of Christ himself, his near and vital relation to them, and all the benefits and blessings which flow to them through the channel of his mediation—the oneness of their interest, as different members of one head—their unity of heart, frequent fellowship one with another as the mean of keeping alive and increasing that unity—their observance of the Redeemer's positive institutions, and obedience to all the moral precepts in his word, I conceive to be the great ends which should be constantly kept in view, in the use of all the means of grace; and these ends can never be answered by an outward form of keeping together the church of Christ, though that may be both needful and useful in its place: yet the most that can reasonably be expected from the exercise of such a form of church discipline, or government, as it is sometimes

called, is an outward appearance of peace, and a decent attention to each other in a way of common or more intimate civility: such means may keep up the peace which stands opposed to outward confusion; but are not likely to promote that peace which is built on mutual knowledge and good understanding, and which stands opposed to envy and discontent. Frequent heart fellowship, and much delight in each other, are the beauties of church order: ‘By this,’ said our Lord, ‘shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.’

The fellowship of the church, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, appears to have been maintained by the love of Christ shed abroad in their hearts, and made known by much delight in each other’s company, and free communication both of things temporal and spiritual one with another. And Paul, in all his epistles to the churches, keeps these things in view in a way of positive precept, while outward discipline may, in general, rather be said to be implied than expressed by him.

It has been, and will perhaps still be, objected by many, when such doctrine as this is

It is true, that the Lord's people in general have not time or opportunity for frequent social interviews, and that such things are apt to break in upon the order of families: but these objections, if closely examined, will be found to be excuses, rather than reasons. What calling is there which ought to take the lead of our heavenly calling? What is the advantage of laying up earthly treasures, compared with that of increasing in the wisdom which cometh from above? And what the order of private families to the order of the great family of heaven, the church of Christ? 'The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.' The order of families is without doubt of great importance; but the silence of scripture respecting the time and manner of it, is a sufficient reason why it should always be attended to in subordination to the more important Christian duties of public worship and social fellowship.

I take the liberty of stating here a few reasons for frequent and intimate social worship. Christians were all involved in one sad state of depravity and condemnation; and they are all called by divine grace to look to one object

for life and eternal salvation; that our objects of their hope being so highly exalted that every one may look to him by faith at once without the least occasion of jealousy, or interruption from each other, any more than there is for an individual to conclude that the light of the sun is not his, because every one is at liberty to enjoy the same blessing. The Redeemer paid one price for the ransom of all his people; and the same Almighty Spirit makes Jesus, as a complete Saviour, manifest to them all; and as they are all saved and sanctified in one way, so they are all going to one everlasting home.

The man Jesus loved his church even to his own death, and has left it this commandment,
 ' Love one another, as I have loved you.'—
 ' He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father; and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.' And again, ' As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in my love.' And again, ' This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down

' his life for his friends: ' it appears that from this word the apostle drew his reason for saying, ' We ought to lay down our lives for the ' brethren. ' The same apostle, I think, somewhere says, ' Love is the fulfilling of the ' law. ' From these, and many other scriptures, it is plain that love is the substance of all practical and experimental religion; and, from the nature of divine love in the heart of a Christian, it is evident that SOCIAL RELIGION is its HEAVEN upon earth. Not only man, but all creatures, are made for society, and without the presence and mutual enjoyment of each other, would be comparatively miserable: but the delight which springs from Christian fellowship is peculiarly exquisite, as well as peculiarly lasting; its foundation, its author, its nature, its motive, and its end, all conspire to render it incomparable and inexpressible! If these things are true, why have not the members of churches, in the present day, more knowledge of, and fellowship with, one another? Oh that such a query were started by the Holy Spirit himself in the heart of every individual of that description! Suppose such a plain and honest inquiry were even to become universal among Christians,

would not the answer be something like this? Tradition has set his foot on the heel of revealed truth, and has by this means so trodden off the shoes of the preparation of the gospel of peace from the feet of the saints, that they cannot walk in the paths of social love so well as they were wont to do. If any one ask us why we worship in public during such and such hours on the Lord's day? it is enough that we can answer—Custom and our own convenience have inclined us to the observance of those hours. But should any one seriously inquire of us why we have few, if any, means of intimate and actual fellowship one with another as children of the same family? what a pity is it that we are equally obliged to answer in this case as in that—Custom and our own convenience have inclined us to the neglect of these. Was this the manner of the primitive Christians? No. 'They continued daily from house to house 'in fellowship, and breaking bread, and in 'prayer.' Religion was their one concern; and, in attending to that one concern, though in number they were so many thousands, they were but one.

As for the usefulness of those meetings of the Lord's people, commonly called experience and conference meetings, I believe it is known, wherever thy are judiciously and zealously attended to; and this is perhaps as much as can be said of any other means. In the former of these meetings the Lord's people are found saying to their brethren, as David of old, ' Come all ye that fear God, and ' I will declare what he hath done for my ' soul.' And many are the advantages attending this lovely conduct: the various devices of Satan to entangle and perplex the minds of believers are exposed; the influence of earthly things on the mind is confessed, and mutually lamented before the Lord; the frequent deliverances the saints experience in times of trouble, are recorded to the manifest honour of their great Deliverer; the faithfulness of a covenant God in answering prayer, and honouring them that honour him, is abundantly testified; the power of the cross of Christ to crucify sin in the heart is declared; the usefulness and suitableness of the preached word is acknowledged; love is increased; faith is strengthened; hope is enlarged; and

a foretaste of heaven itself is often experienced on earth : even when the people come together with their hearts comparatively cold, reciprocal and free communication is often like the striking together of a cold flint and cold steel, and there comes out fire ; as, saith the wise man, ‘ Iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend.’

In the latter of these, called conference meetings, the light the Lord is pleased to cast on his own word, while his people are reading it from day to day, is set forth for mutual edification with much advantage ; while he that exhorteth, according to the apostle’s advice, waits on exhortation.

The Holy Scriptures are a mine of spiritual truth without a bottom ; and as the Divine Spirit is the only infallible expositor of them, and opens them to whom he will, the utter neglect of conference meetings seems to have in it the nature of quenching the spirit in the hearts of the saints. On this subject I beg leave to recommend to the serious consideration of those who have in any measure the conducting of church affairs in their hands, the twelfth chapter to the Romans, from the 3d to the end of the 8th verse, the whole twelfth

chapter of 1st Corinthians, and the fourth chapter to the Ephesians. I humbly conceive that no impartial Christian, whom God has favoured with the gift of discerning truth for the benefit of others, can deliberately examine those and many other portions of God's word, and yet believe the neglect of conference meetings, especially in large churches where there are gifted members, to be an innocent thing.

So great is the loss which the churches sustain by the neglect of these things, and so great would naturally be the mutual advantage of reviving their use, that whoever may be the honoured instrument of so good a work, he may be justly called, in the language of prophecy, 'The repairer of the breach; the restorer of paths to dwell in.'



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